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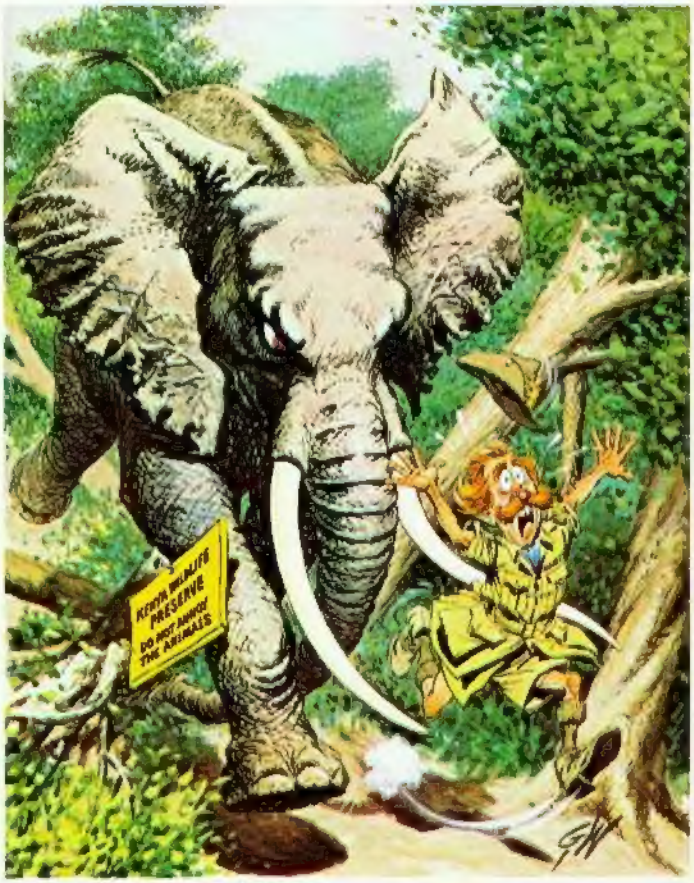

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

NUMBER 151 JUNE 1972

MAD

"It's hard to believe that a man will propose to a girl under a light he wouldn't even pick out a suit by!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
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GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JOAN ZECCA,
CURTIS ANDERSON *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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MAD—June 1972, Vol. 1, No. 151 is published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E. C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N.Y. Subscriptions: In the U.S.A., 19 issues $7.00. Outside U.S.A. 19 issues $8.75. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1972 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence.
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GET RID OF PILES!

Yep, these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid, suitable for framing & wrapping fish, are still piled up in our stockroom! Only you can help us get rid of these piles! Send 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, $1.00 for 9, $2.00 for 27 or $4.00 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

LETTERS DEPT.

WILLIES

Your satire of "Willard" was great. I only wish you'd come out with it in August, before I made the mistake of seeing the movie.

Ken Marks
Niles, Mich.

What kind of rats are you guys, making fun of an epic like "Willard"? Rats are the Ghetto's state animal.

Iowa City, Iowa
John E. Wolfe

ROAD SIGNS WE'D POST

"Road Signs We'd Like To Post" contained some great social comments, especially "Children At Play" in front of the Chiefs of Staff. Something I've been saying about them for a long time.

Hope Harby
Akron, Ohio

DISTINCTIVE BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENTS

I enjoyed your "Distinctive Birth Announcements" very much, but the one from a Women's Lib member reads *Mrs.* Wilma Flensch, etc. It should read *Ms.* Wilma Flensch as Women's Lib members do not wish to be known as either Miss or Mrs.

Ms. Lynn Copland
West Hartford, Conn.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

"Harry Grepser's New Year's Resolutions 1962-1972" was THE classic in your March 1972 issue. My congratulations to Mr. Frank Jacobs whose talent demonstrated marvelous insight into human behaviour. Harry Grepser was both comic and pitiful. But then there are many insensitive people (Harry's boss and his two friends) who make the Harry Grepsers of the world.

B. Hyman
Houston, Texas

YOU KNOW YOU'RE GROWN UP

"You Know You're Really Grown Up When..." you dial the operator and she quits calling you "Ma'am" and finally calls you "Sir"!

Brad Brannon
Roswell, Ga.

"You Know You're Really Grown Up When..." you stop getting gift subscriptions to MAD for Christmas and have to fill out the "enter my name" coupon yourself!

Kirk McElhearn
Jamaica, N.Y.

PRESENT AND ACCOUNTED FOR!

MAD, for a long time I've been aware of your existence. I think it only fair that you should know of mine.

Deborah Graham
Battle Creek, Mich.

CLICHÉ MOVIE PROPS

How ironic that you are able to poke fun at "Cliché Movie Props," that held important roles in the plots of the classic films, when your own magazine uses a much more prevalent cliché itself...Alfred E. Neuman.

Patrick O'Malia
Kingston, Pa.

JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

When I first saw your "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again" back cover, I was thunderstruck. Never, on any magazine, humorous or serious, has such a simple illustration carried so much meaning. The look on the returning soldier's face is as frightening as the message is overwhelming. Please keep this up. You're doing a life-saving service for those on heroin or "thinking about it."

Larry Schwartz
Newbury Park, Calif.

DON MARTIN'S PRONOUNCEMENT

How do you pronounce FONEBONE? Is it phone-bone, funny-bone, or phoney-bone?

David Gross
Seattle, Wash.

HORROR COMICS OF THE 1950's

I think your readers would be interested in knowing about Nostalgia Press's latest release: "HORROR COMICS OF THE 1950's." Twenty-three of the greatest stories from E.C.'s *Tales From The Crypt* and *The Vaults Of Horror* have been reprinted in a mammoth full-color edition which will delight old and new E.C. Fan-Addicts. I'm sure this hard-cover book will bring back fond memories for all, not only because of the complete stories, but also because of original ads, biographies, and editorials which I've included. If any of your readers would like to order a copy of this E.C. bonanza, it's available at $19.95 (plus 75c handling) from: Nostalgia Press, Box 293, Franklin Square, New York 11010.

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LIGHT-METERED VERSE DEPT.

MAD PHO

Art is the child of Nature; yes
Her darling child, in whom we trace
The features of the mother's face,
Her aspect and her attitude;
All her magestic loveliness
Chastened and softened and subdued
Into a more attractive grace;
And with a human sense imbued.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
"Keramos"

To be, or not to be,—that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?

William Shakespeare
"Hamlet"

Waken lords, and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day . . .

Sir Walter Scott
"Hunting Song"

OTOETRY

CONCEIVED & RESEARCHED BY: MAX BRANDEL

When greater perils men environ,
Then women show a front of iron;...
Thomas Dunn English
"Betty Zane"

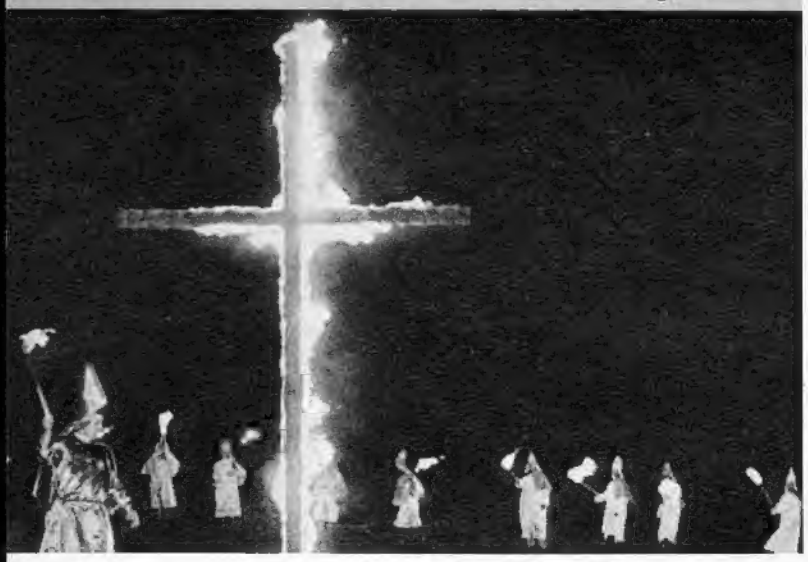
PHOTOS BY:
UPI AND
WORLD WIDE

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts.
William Shakespeare
"As You Like It"

Hats off!
Along the streets there comes
A blaze of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky.
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!
Henry H. Bennett
"The Flag Goes By"

Onward, Christian Soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before;

Sabine Baring-Gould



We toil for fame
We live on crusts,
We make a name,
Then we are busts.

L.H. Robbins

Money is honey, my little sonny,
And a rich man's joke is always funny.

Thomas Edward Brown
"The Doctor"

I wish my room had a floor;
I don't care so much for a door,
But this walking around
Without touching the ground
Is getting to be such a bore!

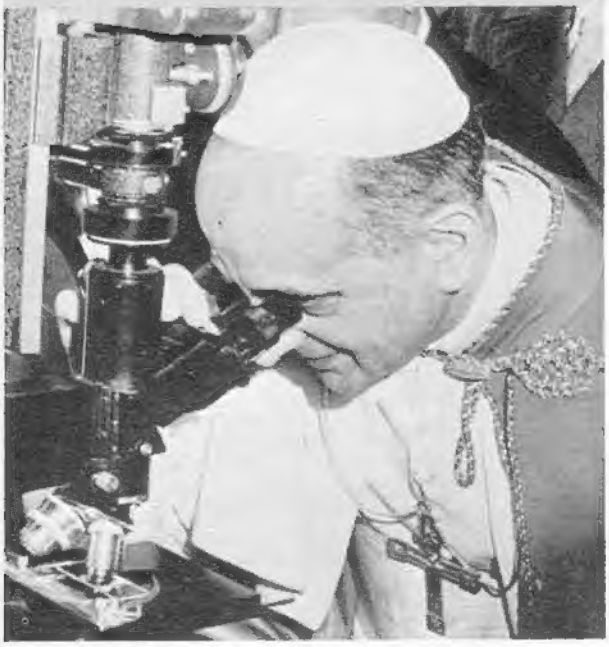
Gelett Burgess

Great is the art of beginning,
But greater the art is of ending . . .

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
"Elegiac Verse"

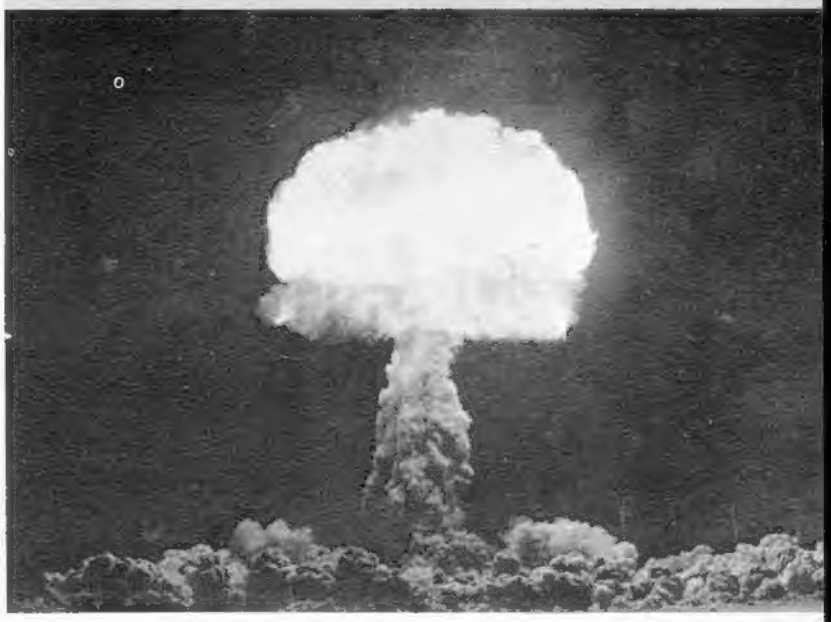
Faith is a fine invention
For gentlemen who see;
But microscopes are prudent
In an emergency!

Emily Dickinson



Of all the creatures that creep, swim or fly,
Peopling the earth, the waters, and the sky,
From Rome to Iceland, Paris to Japan,
I really think the greatest fool is man.

Nicolas Boileau Despreau
"Satire 8"



Never ask of money spent
Where the spender thinks it went.
Nobody was ever meant
To remember or invent
What he did with every cent.

Robert Frost
"The Hardship of Accounting"

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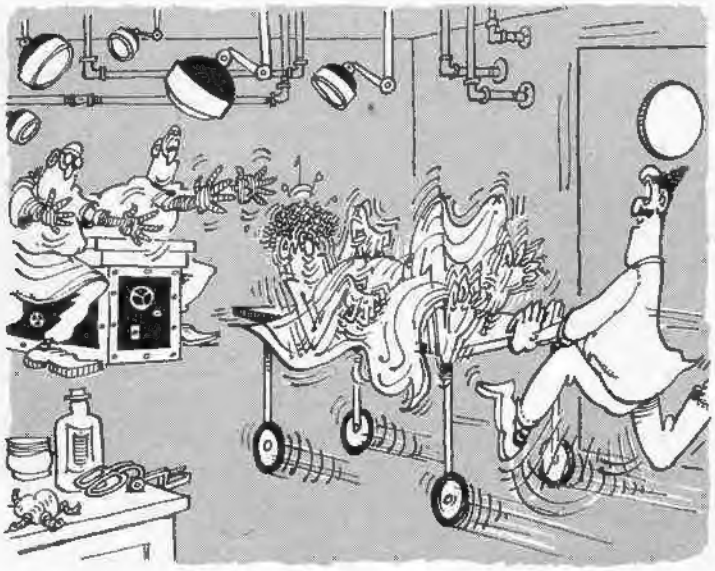
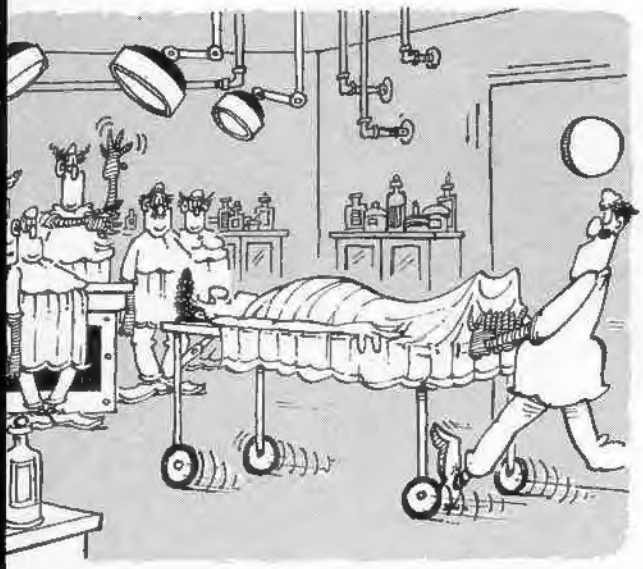
Diplomacy is to do and say
The nastiest thing in the nicest way.

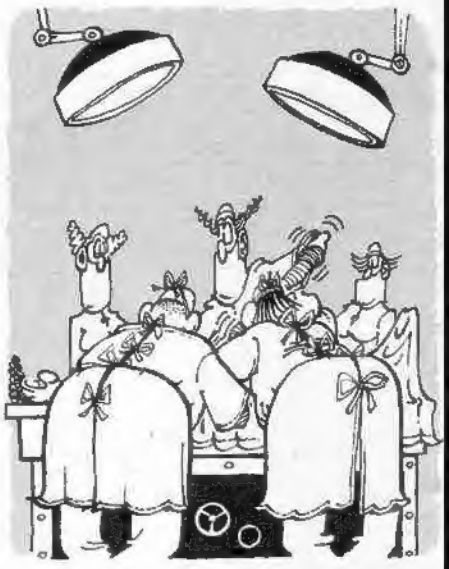
Isaac Goldberg
"The Reflex"

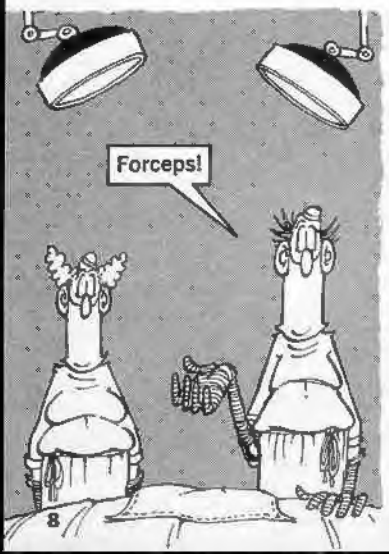
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

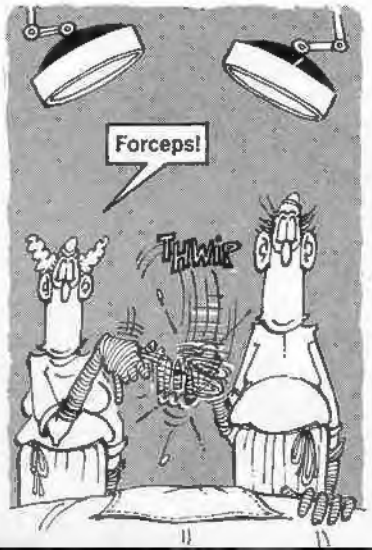
IN THE OPERATING RO

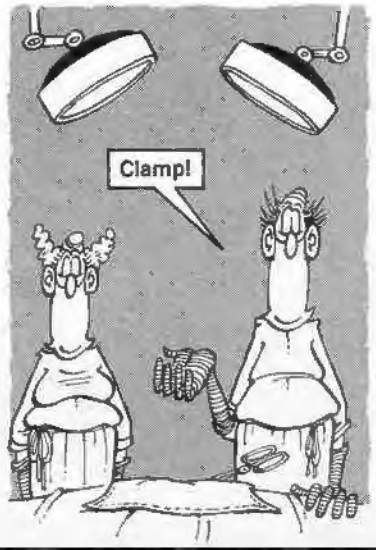


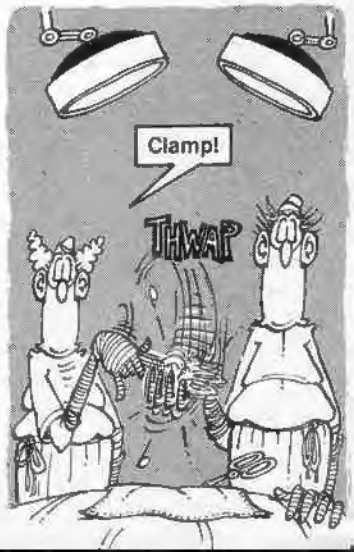












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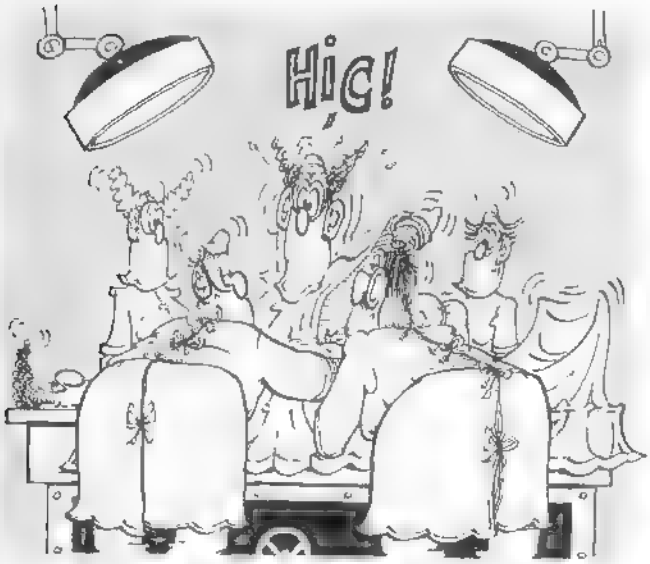
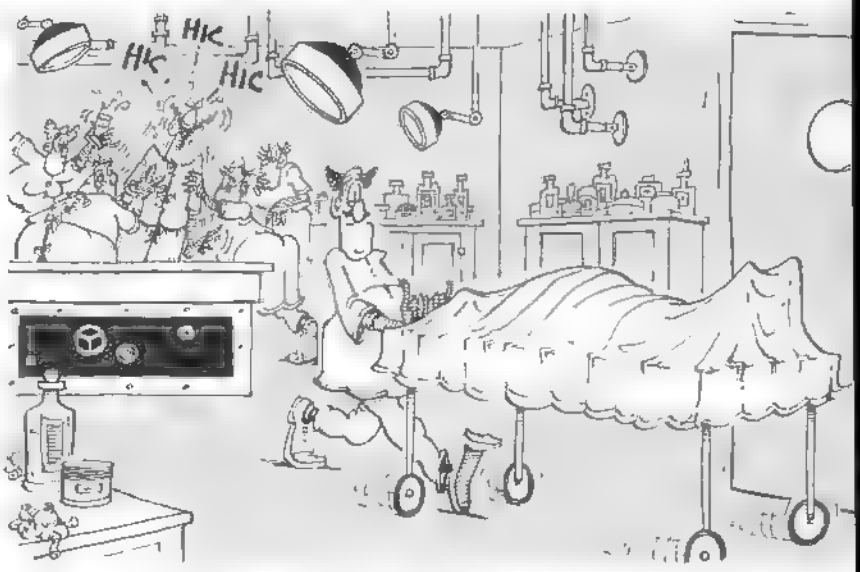
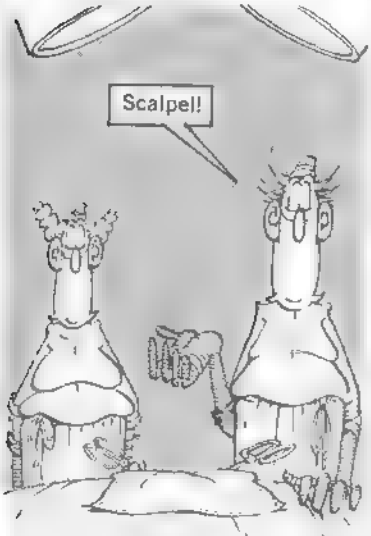






STRIKE UP THE BANDWAGON DEPT.

In past issues we've presented songs our readers can sing about the important things in life — things like food and pets and material possessions. But now, as a change of pace, we feel it's time to glorify some of the less important things in life — namely this year's Presidential hopefuls. They may have been unsung before, but they are unsung no longer as we now present . . .

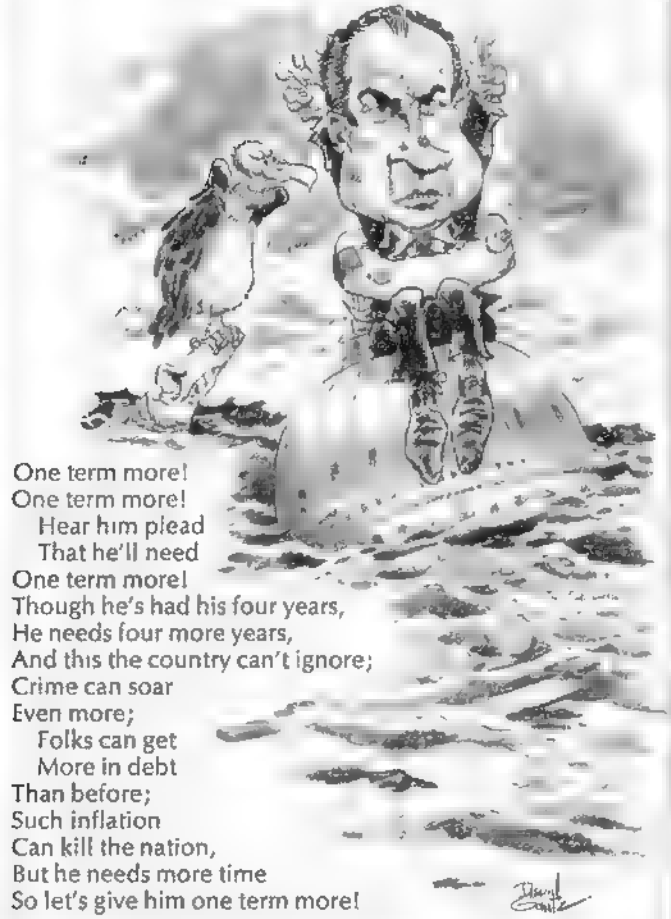
MAD'S SONGBOOK FOR THE '72 CANDIDATES

(Sung To The Tune Of Whatever)

ARTIST: DAVID GANTZ WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

The Nixon Fight Song

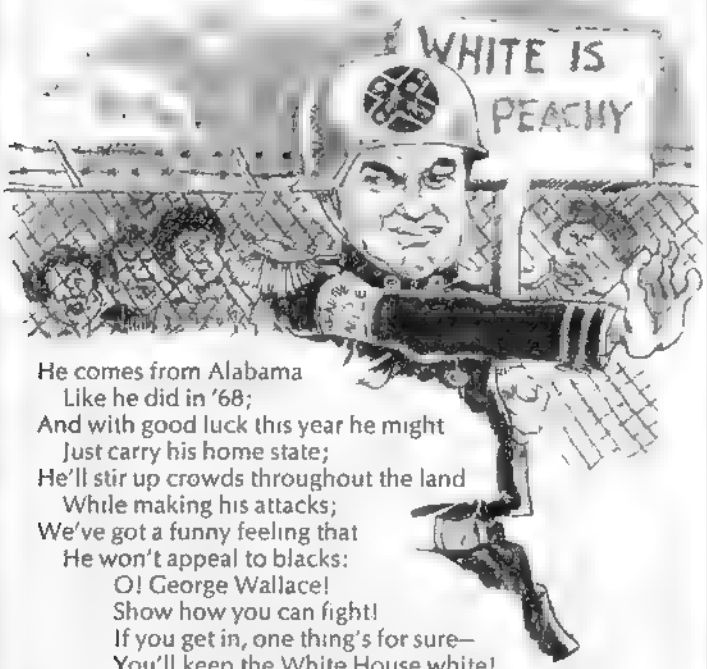
(Sung to the tune of "Over There")



One term more!
One term more!
Hear him plead
That he'll need
One term more!
Though he's had his four years,
He needs four more years,
And this the country can't ignore;
Crime can soar
Even more;
Folks can get
More in debt
Than before;
Such inflation
Can kill the nation,
But he needs more time
So let's give him one term more!

The Wallace Rouser

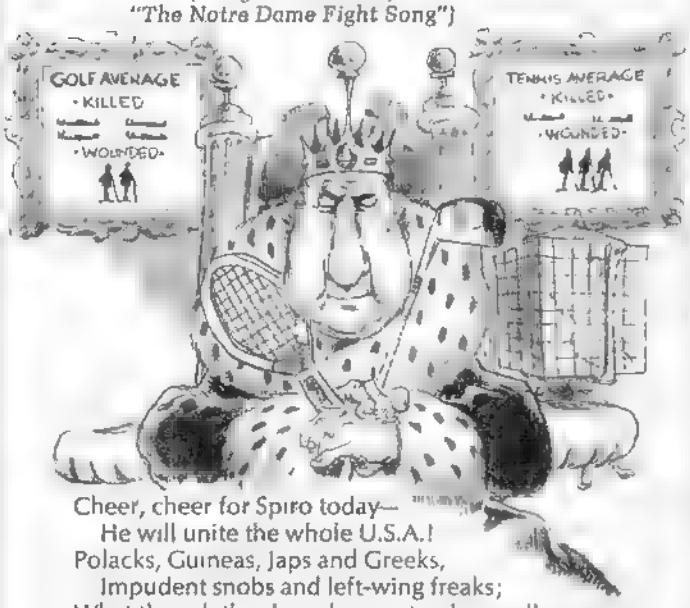
(Sung to the tune of "O! Susanna")



He comes from Alabama
Like he did in '68;
And with good luck this year he might
Just carry his home state;
He'll stir up crowds throughout the land
While making his attacks;
We've got a funny feeling that
He won't appeal to blacks:
O! George Wallace!
Show how you can fight!
If you get in, one thing's for sure—
You'll keep the White House white!

The Agnew Anthem

(Sung to the tune of "The Notre Dame Fight Song")



Cheer, cheer for Spiro today—
He will unite the whole U.S.A.!
Polacks, Guineas, Japs and Greeks,
Impudent snobs and left-wing freaks;
What though the slums be great or be small,
When you've seen one, then you've seen them all;
Should he lose, then he can star in
"All in the Fam-i-ly!"

The Kennedy Carol

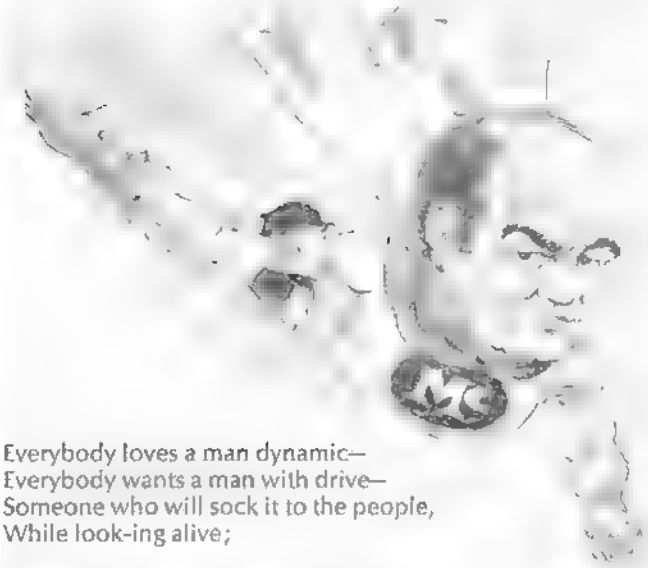
(Sung to the tune of "Pop Goes the Weasel")

In '69 he led in the polls;
It seemed like he was ready;
In '69 he looked good and then—
Oops! There went Teddy!

Each time he shows the Kennedy style
And people think he's steady—
Each time it looks like he's the one—
Oops! There goes Teddy!

The McGovern Anthem

(Sung to the tune of "Everybody Loves Somebody Sometime")



Everybody loves a man dynamic—
Everybody wants a man with drive—
Someone who will sock it to the people,
While look-ing alive;

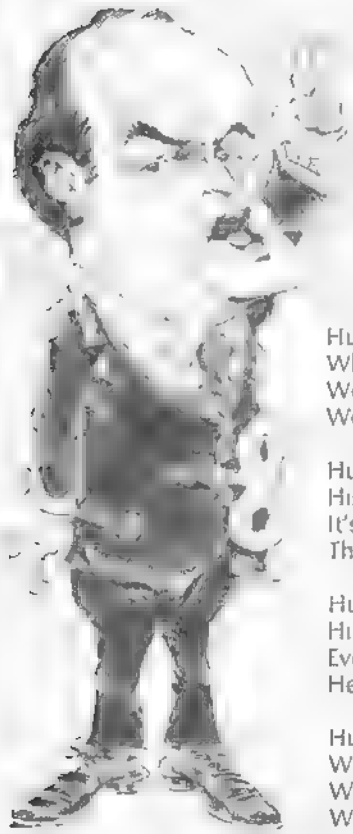
Everybody loves a man with spirit—
Everybody wants a man with flash—
Someone who will barnstorm through the nation
And make a big splash;

When you have a man of fire,
Then you know you've got a potent candidate—
He's the kind that folks admire,
And you know that he can win in every state;

Everybody loves a man dynamic—
Should you find one, tell us when you do;
We're still stuck with George McGovern
For sev-en-ty two!

The Humphrey Salute

(Sung to the tune of "Born Free")



Hum-phrey!
Whenever we're near him,
We're certain to hear him;
We really don't have a choice;

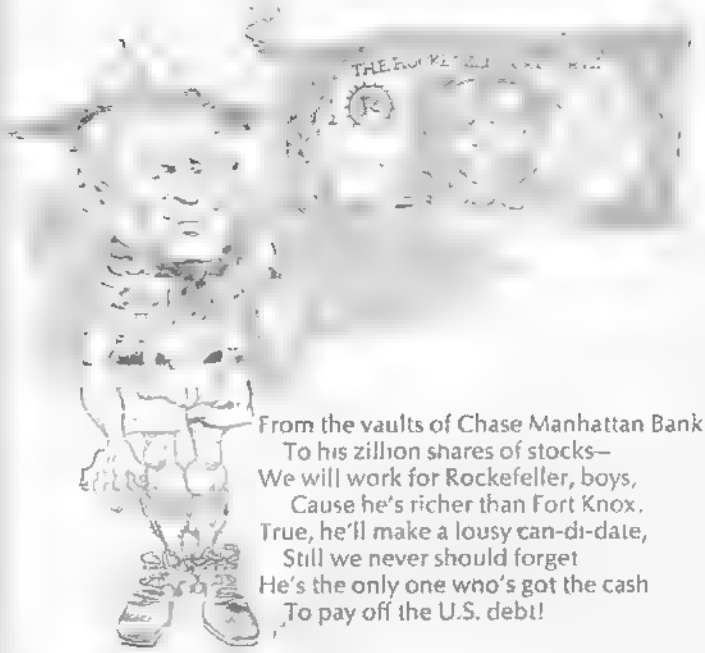
Hum-phrey!
His words keep outpouring,
It's clear he's adoring
The endless sound of his voice;

Hum-phrey!
His tongue won't stop mov-ing;
Even his friends agree
He's a walking LP;

Hum-phrey!
We'll bid him farewell now;
We've Howard Cosell now;
Who needs Hum . . . phrey?

The Rockefeller Rouser

(Sung to the tune of "From the Halls of Montezuma")



From the vaults of Chase Manhattan Bank
To his zillion shares of stocks—
We will work for Rockefeller, boys,
Cause he's richer than Fort Knox.
True, he'll make a lousy can-di-date,
Still we never should forget
He's the only one who's got the cash
To pay off the U.S. debt!

The Lindsay Two-Party Chorus

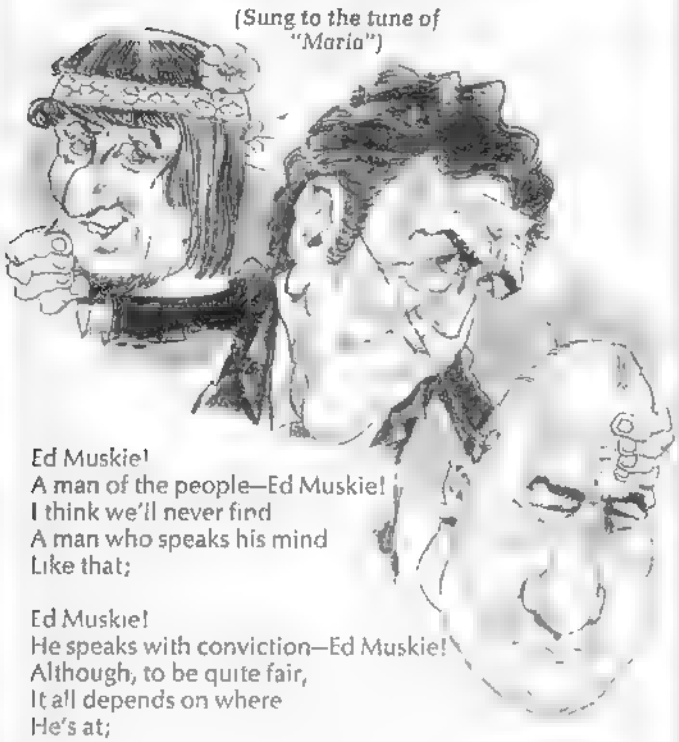
(Sung to the tune of "Hello, Dolly!")

Democrats sing the dark type: * * Republicans sing the light type:

Hello, Lindsay!
Goodbye, Lindsay!
Well, hello, Lindsay!
So, goodbye, Lindsay!
It's so nice that you've become a Democrat!
'Cause you've turned around and ditched the G.O.P.!
You look so cute, Lindsay—
From what we think, Lindsay,
You're a beaut, Lindsay—
You're a fink, Lindsay—
Much too pretty for your city, you're a real cool cat;
All your wheelin' double-dealin' is a shame to see;
Our voters all love ya,
Your move was so tricky,
Think the world of ya,
You outdo Dickie—
Since you made your switch and landed over here—
And we hope one thing is plainly understood—
Oh! You've made our day, Lindsay!
Oh! We're all agreed, Lindsay!
Hope that you'll stay, Lindsay!
You we don't need, Lindsay!
Lindsay, till you switch again next year!
Lindsay, you can stay away for good!

The Muskie Hymn

(Sung to the tune of "Maria")



Ed Muskie!
A man of the people—Ed Muskie!
I think we'll never find
A man who speaks his mind
Like that;

Ed Muskie!
He speaks with conviction—Ed Muskie!
Although, to be quite fair,
It all depends on where
He's at;

Ed Muskie!
In the North he's the liberal's hero—
In the South he comes off more like Spiro;

Ed Muskie!
Please tell me which one is Ed Muskie!

The Alfred E. Neuman Athem

(Sung to the tune of "Try to Remember")

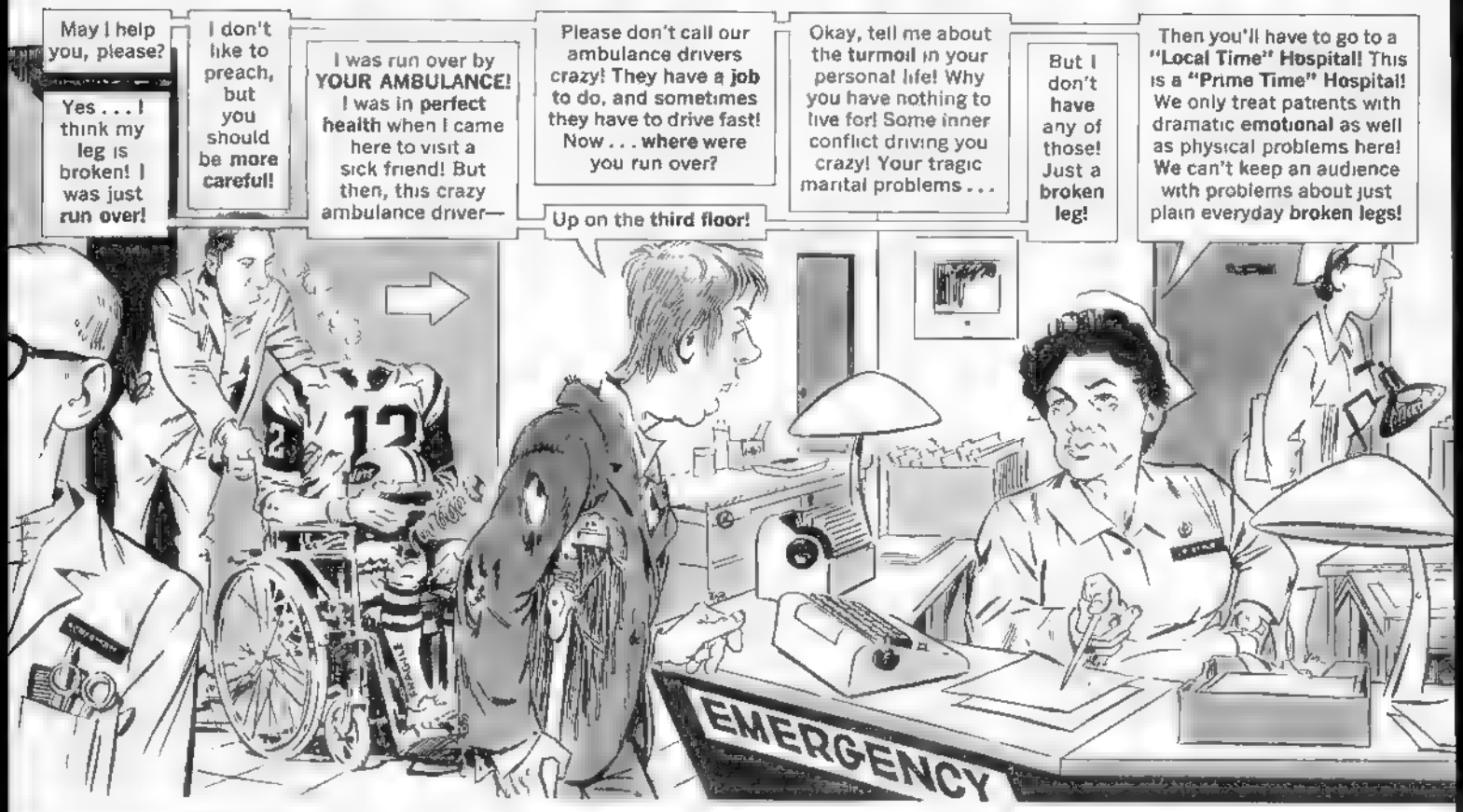
Try to remember this coming November
To Vote for Neuman, Vote for Neuman!
Change your direction; don't look for perfection
And Vote for Neuman, Vote for Neuman!
Alfred E. Neuman, though slightly sub-human,
Will win just like Truman did from Missouri;
Back him today so the country can say:
"What me worry, worry, worry, worry, worry, worry,
worry, worry, worry . . ."

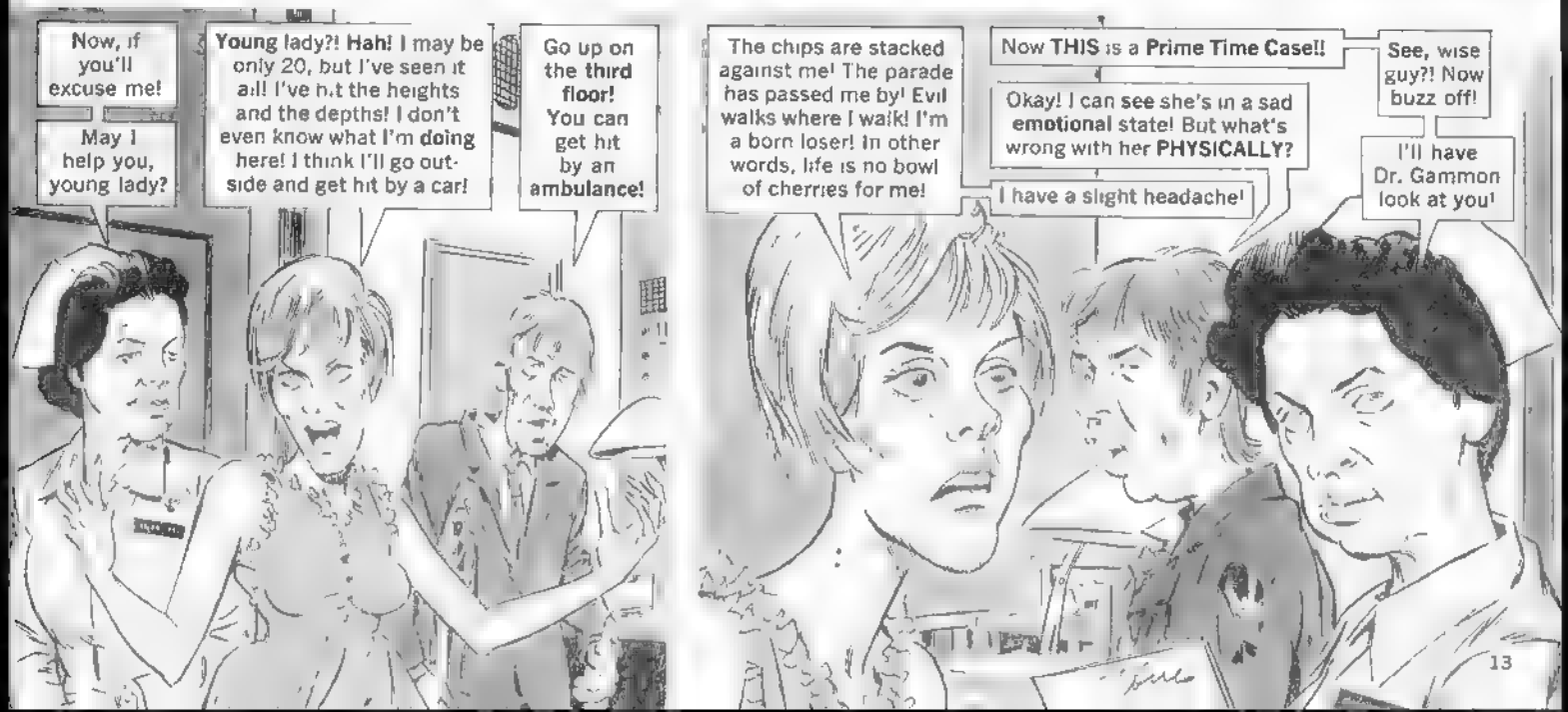
Muskie crusaders and Nixon paraders
Will Vote for Neuman, Vote for Neuman!
Kennedy voters and Lindsay promoters
Will Vote for Neuman, Vote for Neuman!
Alfred E. Neuman, with brain of albumen,
Will win just like Truman did from Missouri;
Back him and then we can say once again.
"What me worry, worry, worry, worry, worry, worry,
worry, worry, worry . . ."

There's a popular weekly series on television about a Medical Center where patients are treated with respect, the nurses are super-courteous, the operations are 99.9% successful, and no one is ever presented with a bill. Now, we've been to plenty of Medical Centers, but from what we've seen of this place, it's more like a . . .

MIRACLE CENTER

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO





All your tests are back, and I have wonderful news for you, Mrs. Fileman!

MISS Fileman!

I have terrible news for you, Miss Fileman! You're pregnant!

Pregnant?!? Are you positive?

As postive as modern medicine can be! You're either pregnant, or you swallowed a balloon!

When will you know for certain, Dr. Gammon?

After it's born! If we slap it and it cries, it's a baby! If we slap it and it bursts, it's a balloon . . .

Dr. Gammon! Mr. Glutzer needs a —

Not now, Nurse! I'm busy!

I can't have a baby! I'm all alone in the world! No one cares if I live or die!

But, I care!

I dont' believe it! To you, I'm just another screwed up kid!

That's not true! To me, you're a VERY SPECIAL screwed up kid!

Dr. Gammon! Mr. Glutzer is in—

I said not now, Nurse! LATER!

You see, Miss Fileman, I learned something that drugs and healing tools are fine, but nothing can take the place of a warm, close and personal Doctor-Patient relationship!

And now, if you'll move over please?

More tests, Doctor?

No, I thought I'd get into [redacted] with you!

Doctor Gammon, you won't tell my parents, will you?

About my getting into bed with you?

No, about the baby!

Of course not! But I think I ought to tell the child's—er—Father! What's his phone number?

Pick out any one in the Directory!

Oh? I take it you were very promiscuous!

Me?!? I've never been promiscuous! I was always too busy fooling around with guys!!

Doctor Gammon! Mr. Glutzer is—

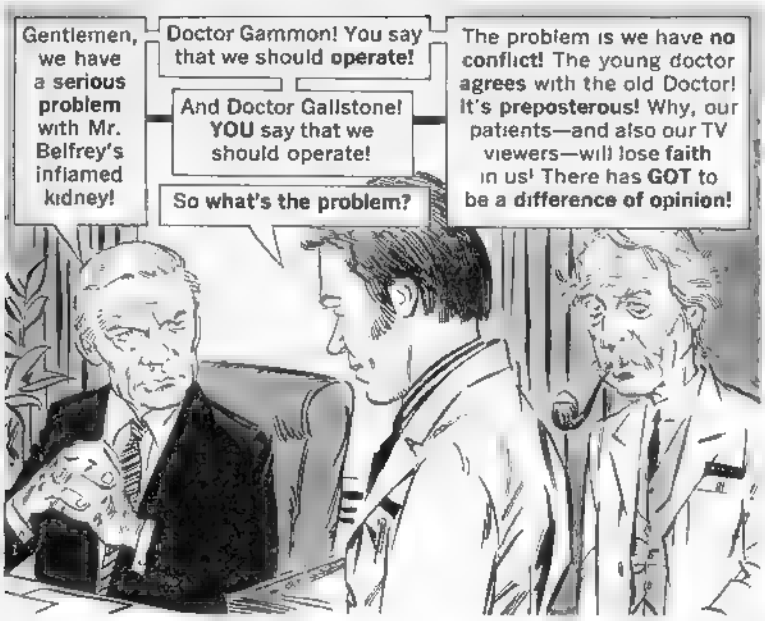
Nurse Chamberpot! I can only be warm and sympathetic to one patient at a time! Now, in the past few minutes, I've made Miss Fileman feel wanted and given her the will to live!

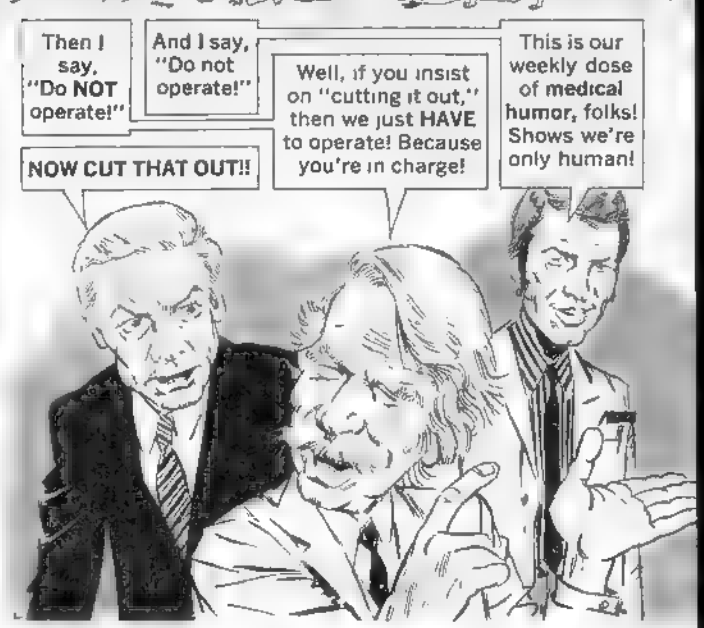
And in that same time, you've made Mr. Glutzer feel UNwanted, and he just went into a cardiac arrest!

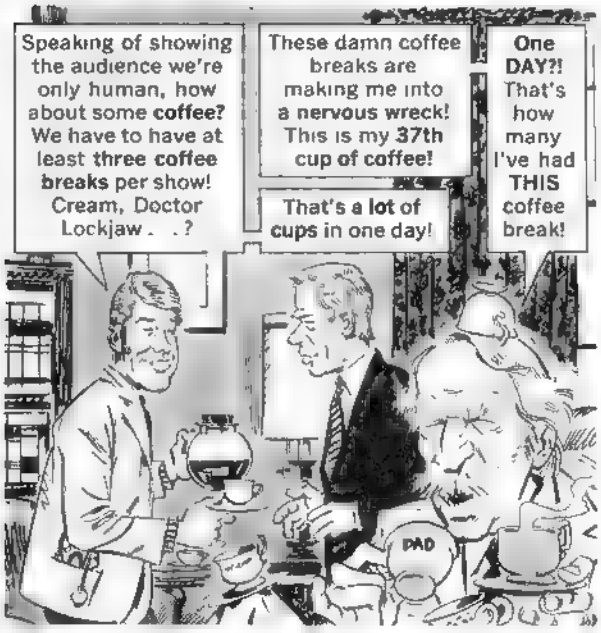
Without my permission?! But I specifically told him not to do that!!

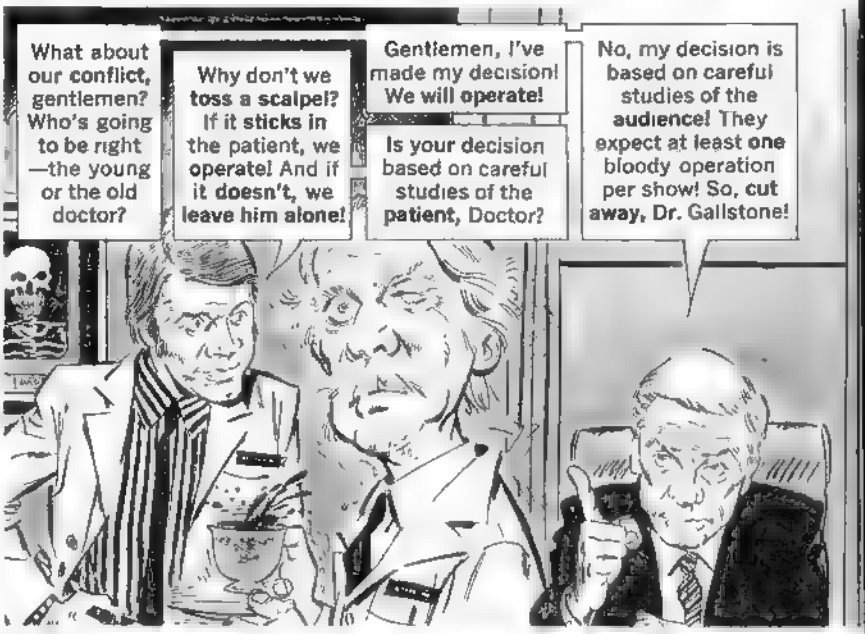
Will you excuse me for a minute, Miss Fileman? I have a thing or two I want to tell Mr. Glutzer!

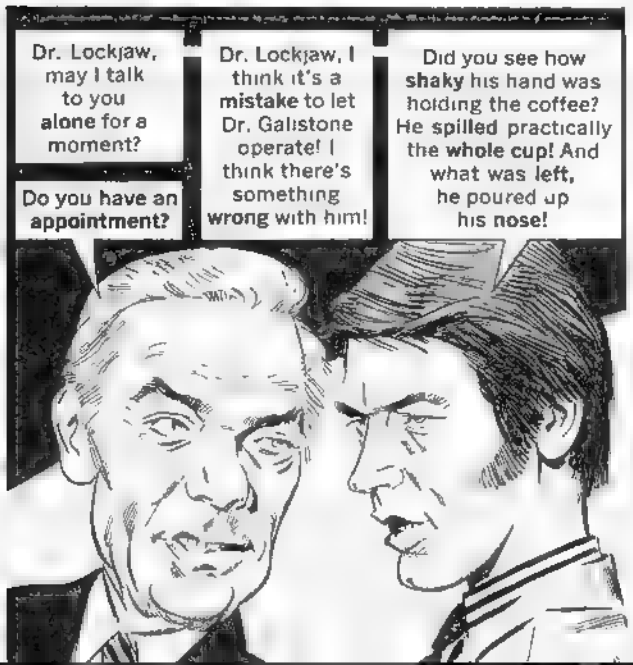
No need to rush, "Mr. Sympathetic"! I just came by to tell you that Mr. Glutzer's bed is available! So are the beds of patients Bacon, Cohen, Olson and Thompson! You may have saved one, Doc, but you blew five! Sometimes I wish you'd administer medicine instead of long lectures!

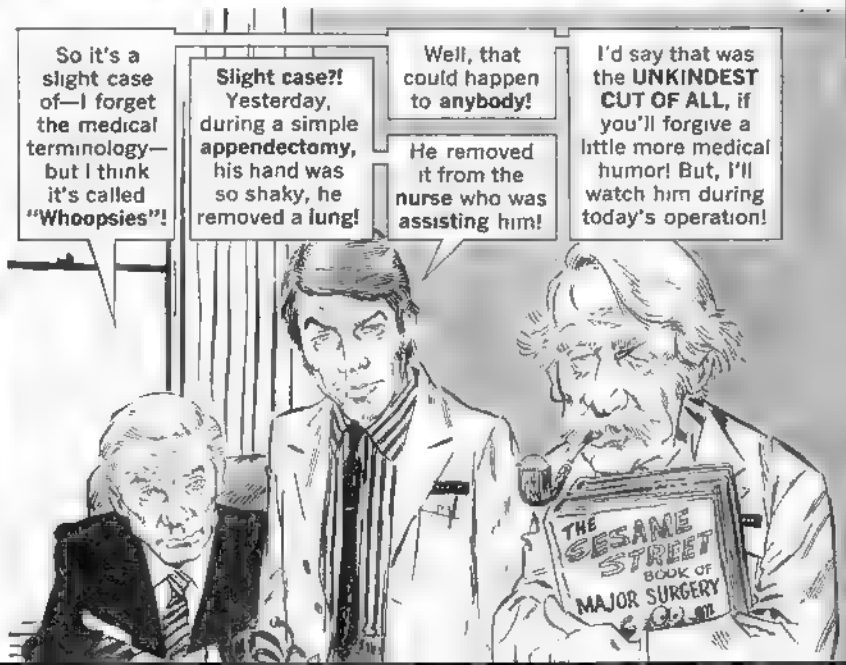

Gentlemen, we have a **serious problem** with Mr. Belfrey's inflamed kidney!
Doctor Gammon! You say that we should **operate!**
And Doctor Gallstone! **YOU** say that we should operate!
So what's the problem?
The problem is we have **no conflict!** The young doctor **agrees** with the old Doctor! **It's preposterous!** Why, our patients—and also our TV viewers—will lose **faith** in us! There has **GOT** to be a **difference of opinion!**


Then I say, "Do **NOT** operate!"
And I say, "Do not operate!"
NOW CUT THAT OUT!!
Well, if you insist on "cutting it out," then we just **HAVE** to operate! Because you're in charge!
This is our weekly dose of **medical humor,** folks! Shows we're only human!


Speaking of showing the audience we're only human, how about some **coffee?** We have to have at least **three coffee breaks** per show! Cream, Doctor Lockjaw . . ?
These damn coffee breaks are making me into a **nervous wreck!** This is my **37th cup of coffee!**
That's a lot of cups in one day!
One DAY?! That's how many I've had **THIS** coffee break!
PAD


What about **our conflict,** gentlemen? Who's going to be right —the young or the old doctor?
Why don't we **toss a scalpel?** If it **sticks in** the patient, we **operate!** And if it **doesn't,** we **leave him alone!**
Gentlemen, I've made my decision! **We will operate!**
Is your decision based on careful studies of the **patient,** Doctor?
No, my decision is based on careful studies of the **audience!** They expect at least **one** bloody operation per show! So, **cut away, Dr. Gallstone!**


Dr. Lockjaw, may I talk to you **alone** for a moment?
Do you have an **appointment?**
Dr. Lockjaw, I think it's a **mistake** to let Dr. Gallstone operate! I think there's something **wrong** with him!
Did you see how **shaky** his hand was holding the coffee? He **spilled** practically the **whole cup!** And what was **left,** he poured up his **nose!**


So it's a **slight case** of—I forget the medical terminology—but I think it's called **"Whoopsies"!**
Slight case?! Yesterday, during a simple **appendectomy,** his hand was so shaky, he removed a **lung!**
Well, that could happen to **anybody!**
He removed it from the **nurse** who was **assisting** him!
I'd say that was the **UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL,** if you'll forgive a little more medical humor! But, I'll watch him during today's operation!
THE SESAME STREET BOOK OF MAJOR SURGERY

There! You've seen me make a cut! Now you do the same thing!

I—I— I can't, Doctor! (Choke!)

Do as I say! You must! Don't shy away from it!

I can't do it! I can't! There's too much blood!

I know! I was the same way when I started here! But you'll get used to it!

The Miracle Center cafeteria always serves their steaks much too rare . . . with the blood dripping out! I think the Chef is an operating room drop-out!

C'mon! Finish up! We've got an operation to witness!

It's 100 over 60, Doctor!

Is that the blood pressure?

No, that's the football score! The patient asked to be kept informed!

Ahhh . . . there's our trouble!

It looks like an aortic stenosis!

Or a yellow-bellied sapsucker!

Please, nurse— my forehead!

But there's nothing to wipe, Doctor! You're not sweating!

That's what I mean! Put some sweat ON it! I want those students up there watching to know they should always sweat while performing an operation!

MS.

Dr. Lockjaw! Look at his hands shake! I tell you, Dr. Gallstone should not be allowed to perform any operations!

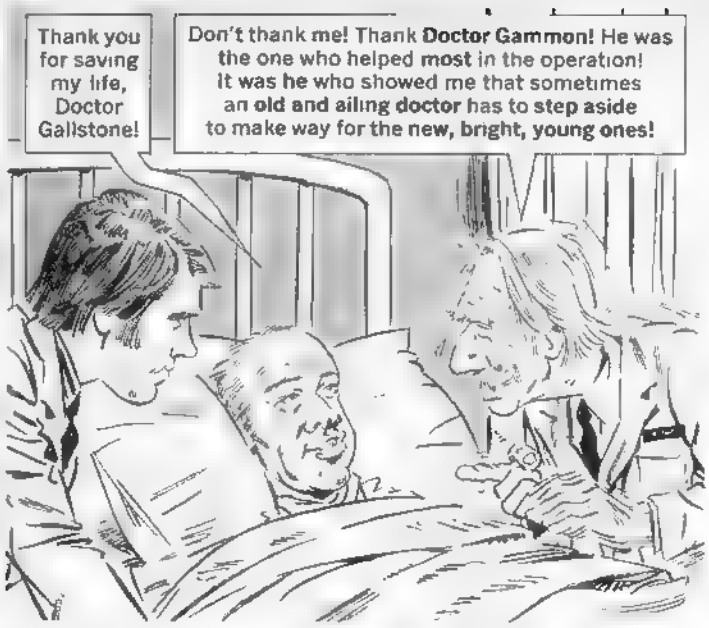
Hmmm! I do detect a very slight tremor!

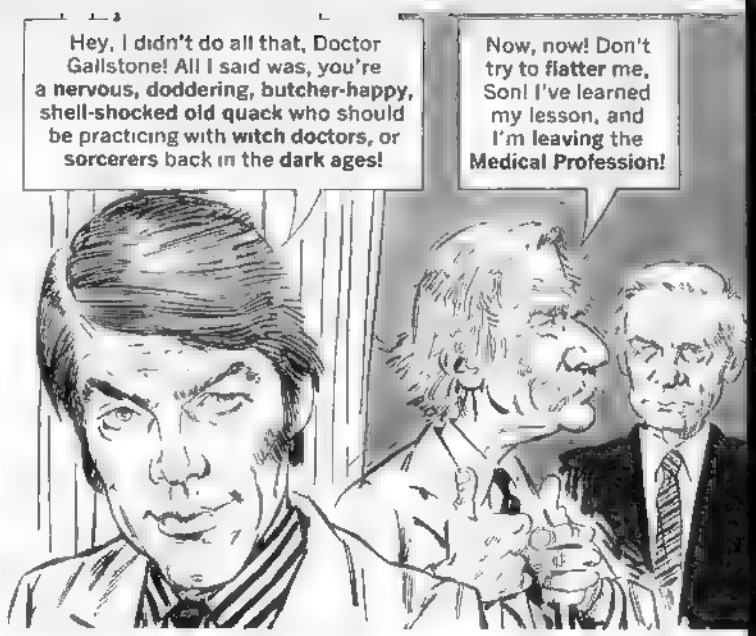
I'm going down there!

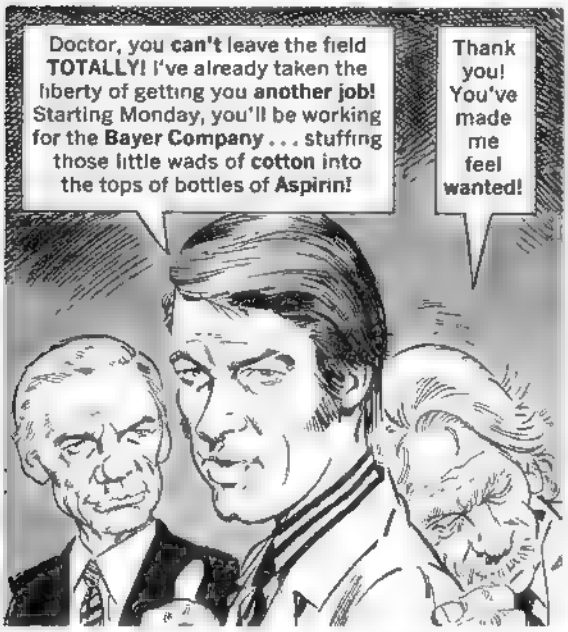
To take over the operation?

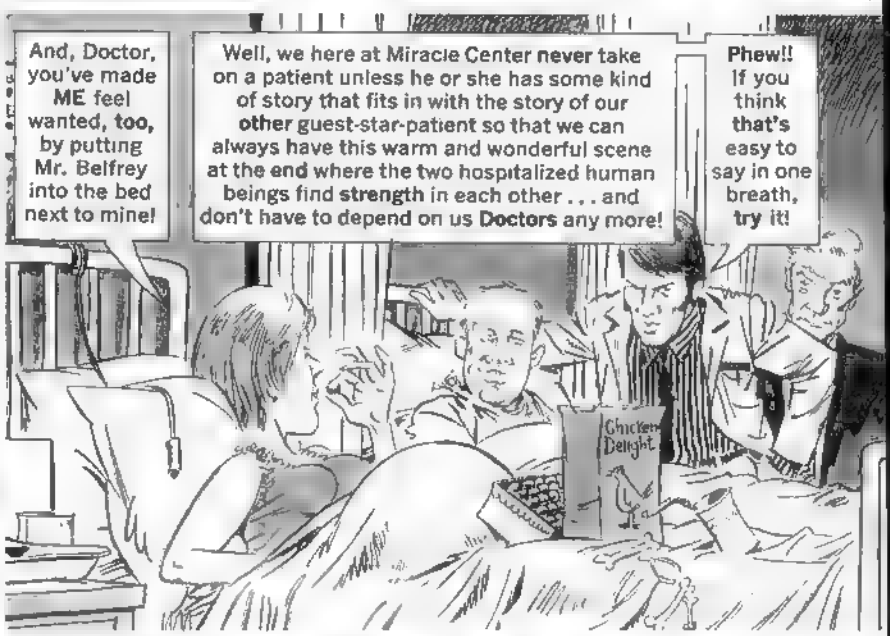
Yes! Or at least to catch parts!

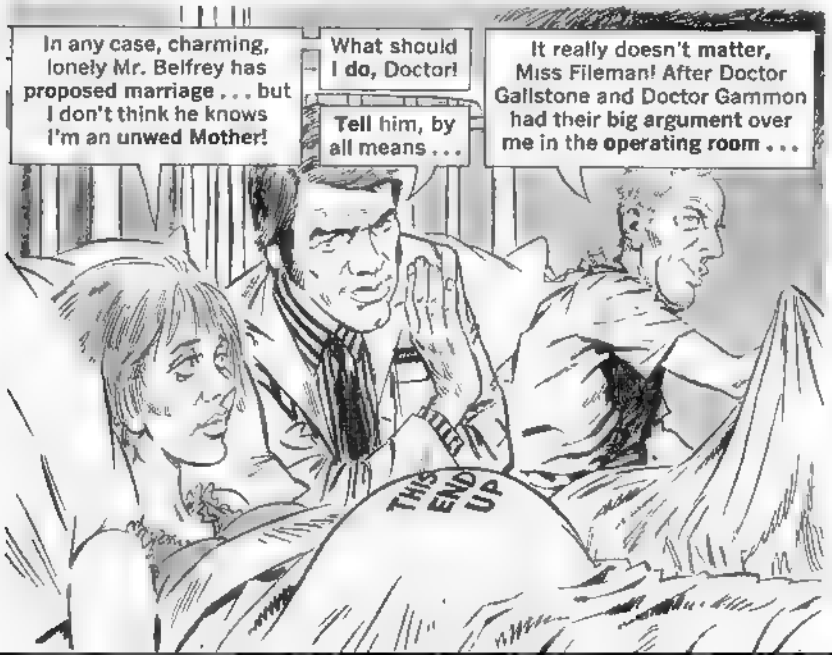
GIVE


Thank you for saving my life, Doctor Gallstone!
Don't thank me! Thank Doctor Gammon! He was the one who helped most in the operation! It was he who showed me that sometimes an old and ailing doctor has to step aside to make way for the new, bright, young ones!


Hey, I didn't do all that, Doctor Gallstone! All I said was, you're a nervous, doddering, butcher-happy, shell-shocked old quack who should be practicing with witch doctors, or sorcerers back in the dark ages!
Now, now! Don't try to flatter me, Son! I've learned my lesson, and I'm leaving the Medical Profession!


Doctor, you can't leave the field TOTALLY! I've already taken the liberty of getting you another job! Starting Monday, you'll be working for the Bayer Company . . . stuffing those little wads of cotton into the tops of bottles of Aspirin!
Thank you! You've made me feel wanted!


And, Doctor, you've made ME feel wanted, too, by putting Mr. Belfrey into the bed next to mine!
Well, we here at Miracle Center never take on a patient unless he or she has some kind of story that fits in with the story of our other guest-star-patient so that we can always have this warm and wonderful scene at the end where the two hospitalized human beings find strength in each other . . . and don't have to depend on us Doctors any more!
Phew!! If you think that's easy to say in one breath, try it!
Chicken Delight


In any case, charming, lonely Mr. Belfrey has proposed marriage . . . but I don't think he knows I'm an unwed Mother!
What should I do, Doctor!
Tell him, by all means . . .
It really doesn't matter, Miss Fileman! After Doctor Gallstone and Doctor Gammon had their big argument over me in the operating room . . .
THIS END UP

. . . WHO'S PERFECT??

THE EYES OF TAXES ARE UPON YOU DEPT.

Every year at this time, tons of mail pour into the Internal Revenue Service offices all over the country. And we all know what's in **those** millions of envelopes. But since we have an inquisitive nature (which means we're down-

LETTERS FROM THE INTE

WRITTEN BY:

Department of the Treasury
Internal Revenue Service
District Director

Mrs. Mimi Lafarge Henderson Cartwright Prescott Wilson Roberts
66 Vamp Lane
Grossepoint, Michigan

Dear Mrs. Lafarge Henderson Cartwright Prescott Wilson Roberts:

Yes, the Government does permit certain deduction allowances for uniforms. But it is our opinion that your Wedding Gown does not qualify, even though you use it periodically.

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service

Department of the Treasury
Internal Revenue Service
District Director

Mr. Clem Lewis
Route #3, RFD
Tomahawk, Wyoming

Dear Mr. Lewis:

We think it's wonderful that you have been married to Mrs. Lewis for 47 years. Unfortunately, a wife does not qualify for a depreciation allowance.

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service

Department of the Treasury
Internal Revenue Service
District Director

Mr. John McGurk
c/o Kelsey's Bar & Grill
13344 Borax Street
Phoenix, Arizona

Dear Mr. McGurk:

We are sorry to inform you that a joint return does not mean you may deduct everyone in the joint.

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service

District Dir

Webber and Webber
12385 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York

Dear Messrs. Webber:

Of course business lunches are deductible for Income Tax purposes. But one partner taking the other out to lunch on alternating days throughout the year is not allowable.

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service

Mr. Harris Maryland
6108 Pennsylvania Road
Kansas, Rhode Island

Dear Mr. Maryland:

We are sorry to inform you that we must disallow your deduction of $688.99 for a new 23" Color TV set to replace your old 12" Black-and-White set because your Doctor advised you to avoid eyestrain.

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service

Revenue Service
District Director

Mr. Jerome Batchler
30 Lincoln Road
Miami Beach, Florida

Dear Mr. Batchler:

We will need a fuller explanation regarding your relationship with Miss Zelda Funzie. There is no regulation that allows you to deduct someone who is "just like a wife to you."

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service

Department of the Treasury
Internal Revenue Service
District Director

Grandma Mosey
Wilkins Farm
Wilkins, Vermont

Dear Grandma Mosey:

Thank you for the apple pie, the cookies, and the strawberry preserves. But we still would like a check. After all, you DID earn $264,329.00 from those "little paintings you do "

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service

Depart
Internal
District Director

Mr. Norman Bubblebrook
100 Steinmetz Street
Gluckstern, Iowa

Dear Mr. Bubblebrook:

We are disallowing your Medical Expense deduction of $8,759.22. We appreciate the fact that your slipped disc causes you some pain from time to time. Nevertheless, we do think that you should be able to find a qualified Doctor closer to your home than San Juan, Puerto Rico.

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service

right nosey), we've often wondered what's in the millions of envelopes that pour OUT of the Internal Revenue Service offices all over the country. We imagine that this is just about what we'd find if we could examine the . . .

RNAL REVENUE SERVICE

DICK DE BARTOLO & DON EPSTEIN

Department of the Treasury
Internal Revenue Service
District Director

Miss Viola Messy
21 Idiot Street
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Miss Messy:

You are correct in assuming that gifts are exempt from Federal Income Taxes. However, we do not agree that the check you receive from your employer every Friday for $131.72 is a gift, even though he always says it is.

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service

Department of the Treasury
Internal Revenue Service
District Director

Miss Jennifer Hansen
c/o Mr. and Mrs. John Hansen
265 Gripe Road
Portland, Ohio

Dear Miss Hansen:

Even though your Daddy claims that we take away every penny we can get our hands on, we are happy to inform you that we do not want any part of the $11.75 you earned last year baby sitting.

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service

George Buttkvetch
Professor of Anatomy
Northwestern University
Evanston, Illionis

Dear Professor Buttkvetch:

We realize that there are certain educational materials which you must have in order to teach Anatomy. But we do not feel that subscriptions to Playboy, Penthouse, Dude and Gent are among them.

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service

Mr. Lucky Franzetti
Gauche Casino
Las Vegas, Nevada

Dear Mr. Franzetti:

We are sorry, but you will have to send us a check for the full amount. We are not permitted to "roll you for it, double or nothing."

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service

Mr. Guiseppi Spaggatini
Boss of the Brooklyn Waterfront
Pier 6
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Spaggatini:

We suspect that there is an error in your recent Tax Return, since you indicate that you only earn $2,000 per annum. We would like to point out that "per annum" means "per year" . . . not "per DAY!"

Sincerely,
Internal Revenue Service

Mr. Mark David Nietsdlef
Apt. H-15
71 East 200th Street
New York, New York

Dear Mr. Nietsdlef:

It is true that every year, the Government pays millions of dollars to farmers for not growing wheat. However, it is not possible for you to deduct $250 for not growing it in your window box.

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service

Department of the Treasury
Internal Revenue Service
District Director

Mr. Herb Wolffe
Swinging Singles Apartments
Los Angeles, California

Dear Mr. Wolffe:

Whatever you spend on Doctors in hospitals is deductible. But whatever you spend on Nurses visiting your "pad" is not.

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service

Miss Joyce Bergenklein
Kindergarten Class 102
Finster School
Gurney, New York

Dear Miss Bergenklein:

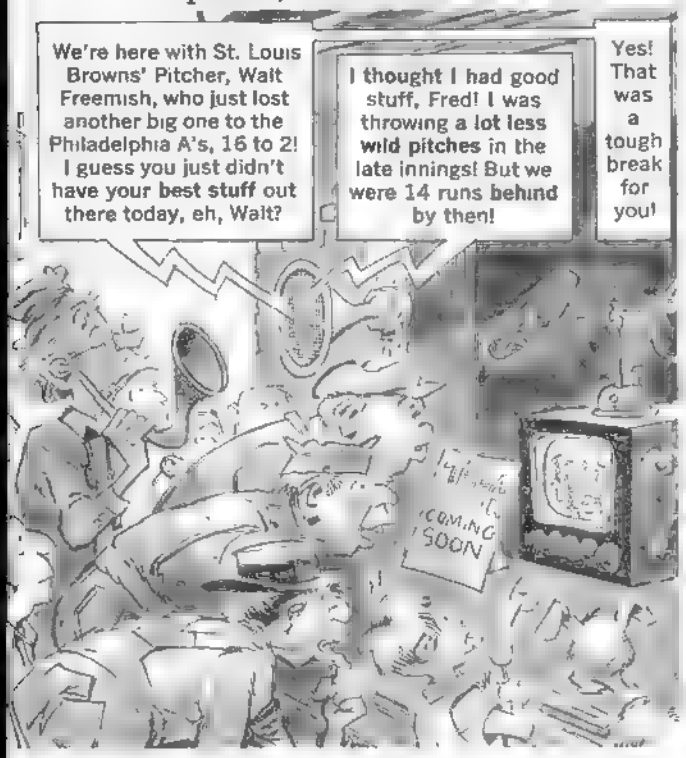
You will have to revise your list of 1971 deductions. We realize that 26 youngsters can give you one big headache, but $831.52 for aspirin, icebags and tranquilizers cannot be considered a legitimate Professional expense.

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service

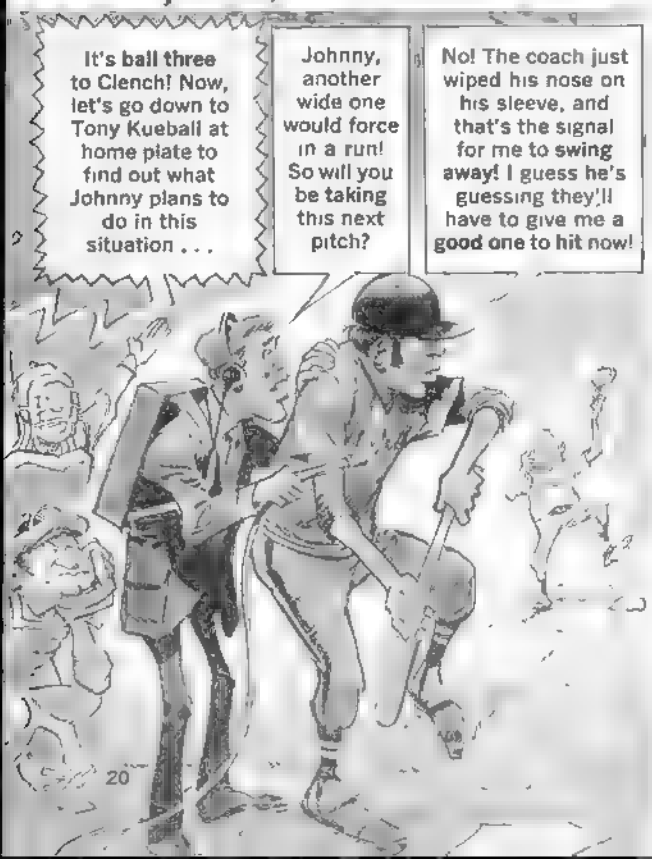
JOCKS TRAPPED DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT...
TV SPORTS INTERVIEWS—

April 29, 1946 THE FIRST "POST-GAME—STUDIO" INTERVIEW

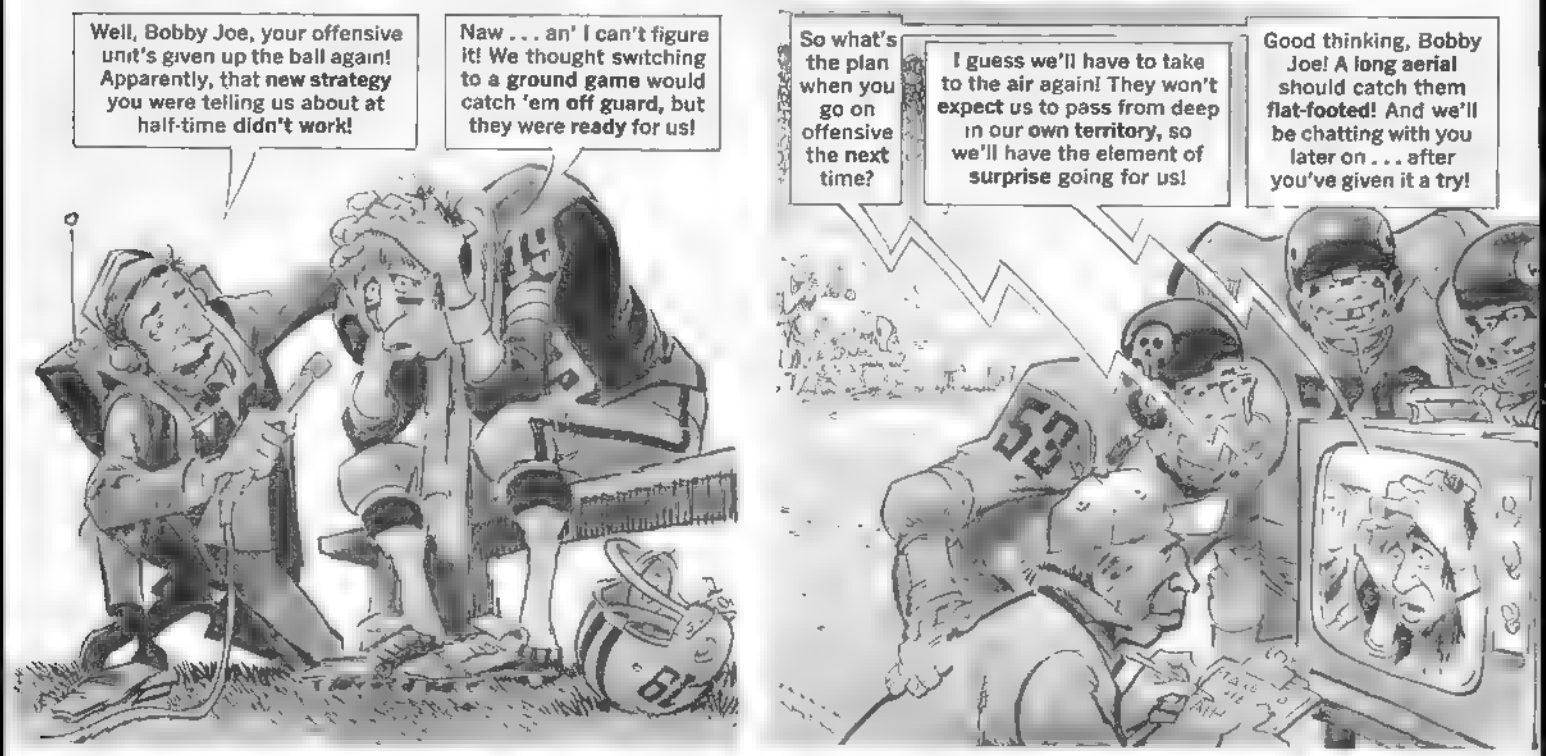


June 23, 1973 THE FIRST "BETWEEN-PITCHES—ON-THE-FIELD" INTERVIEW



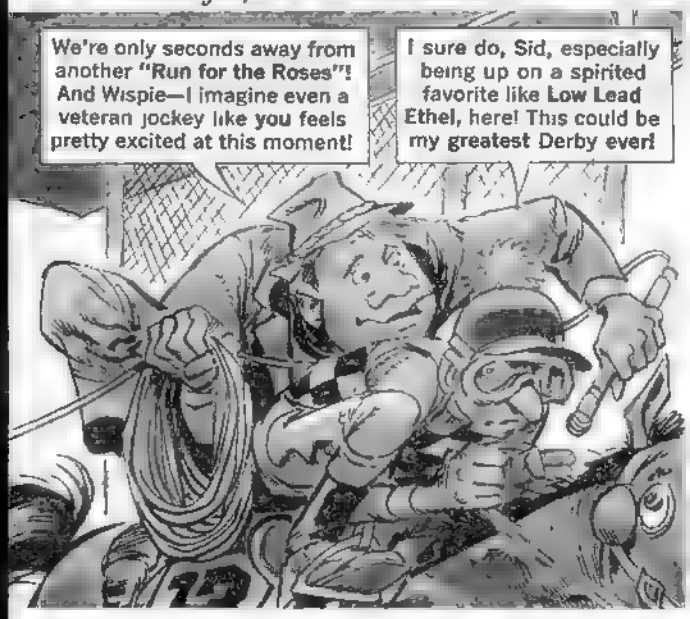
PAST, PRESENT & FUTURE

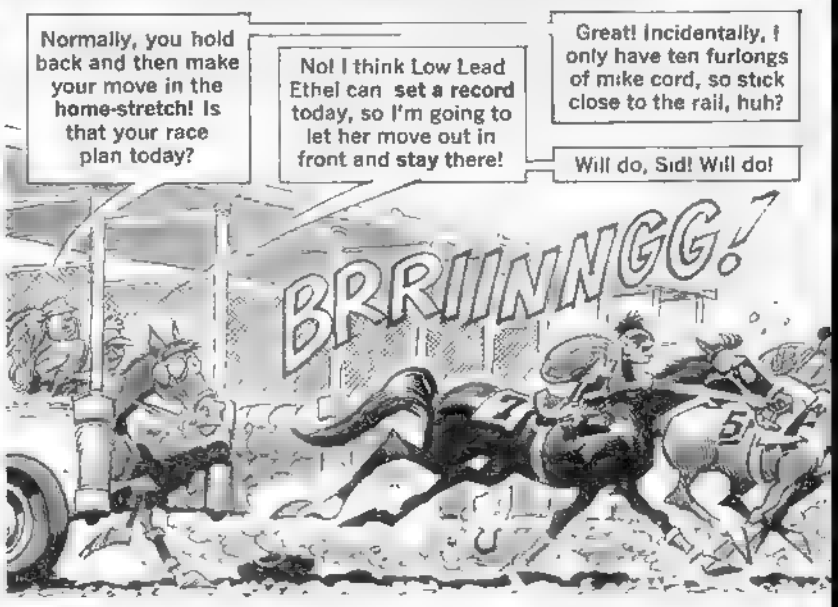
October 7, 1969 THE FIRST "DURING-THE-GAME—SIDELINES" INTERVIEW

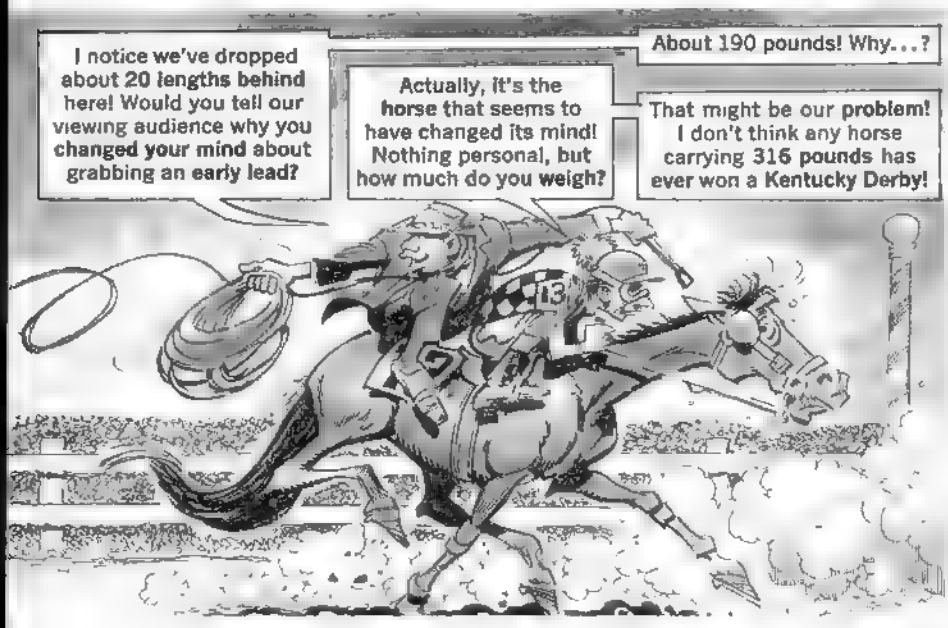


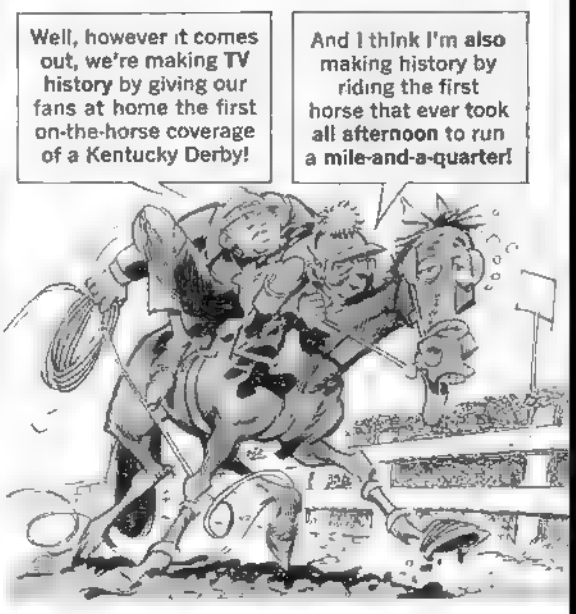
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: TOM KOCH

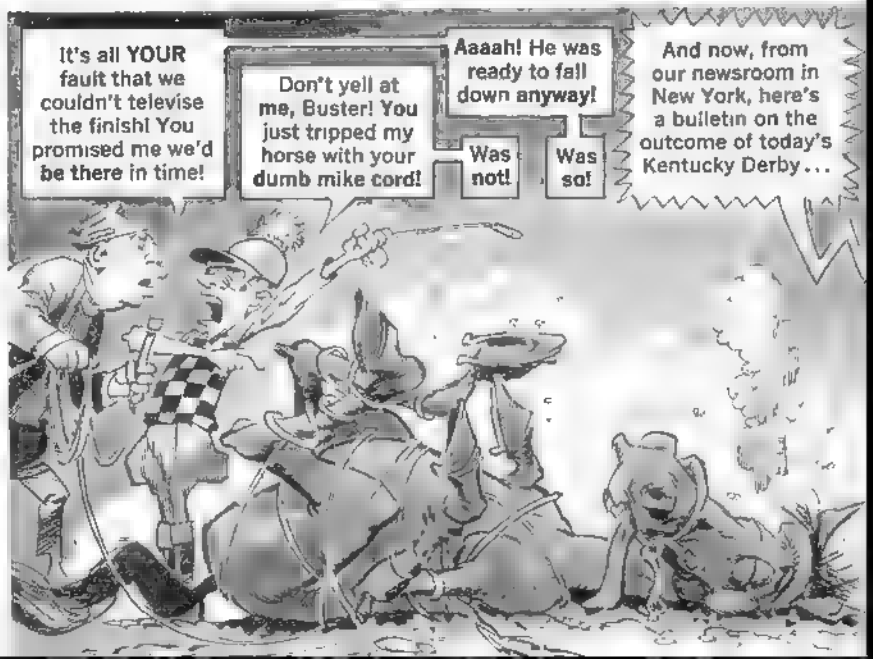
May 5, 1974 THE FIRST "DURING-THE-RACE–ON-THE-HORSE" INTERVIEW



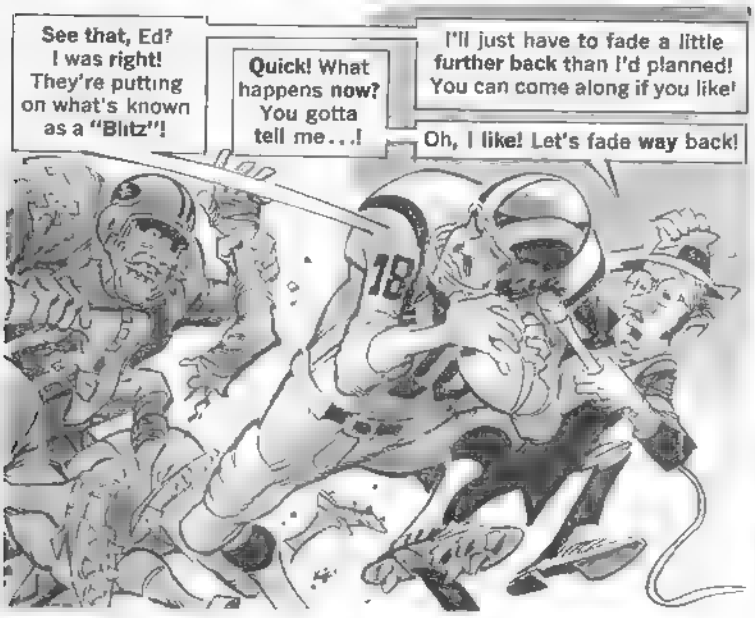


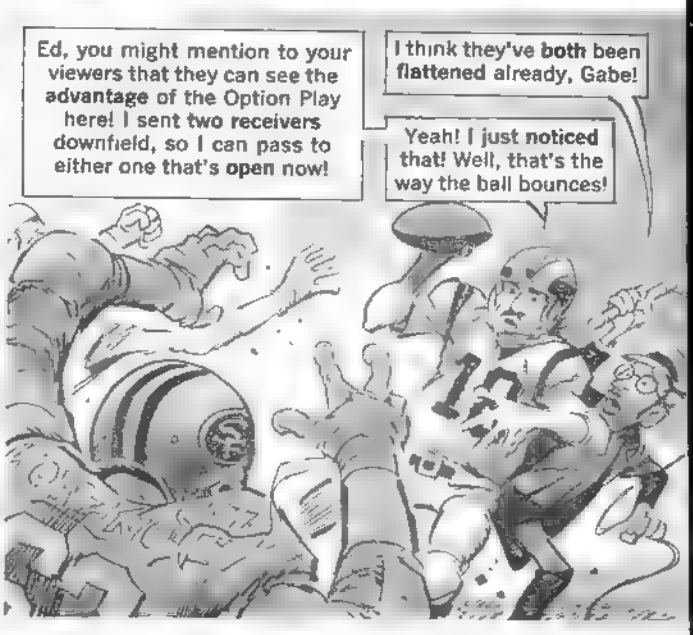


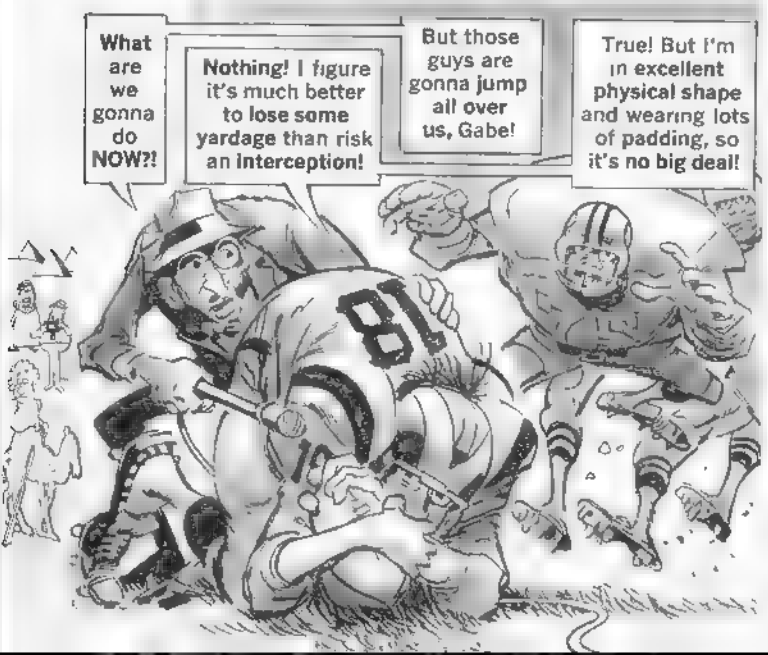


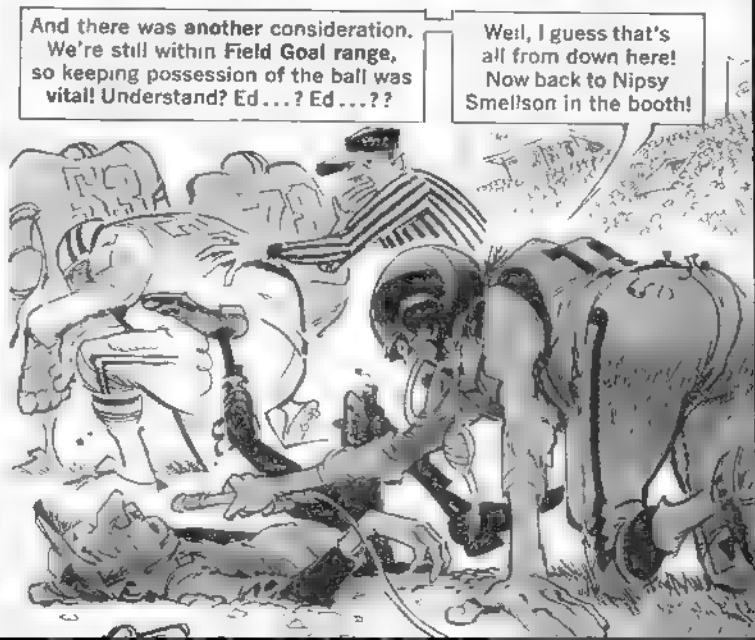


September 26, 1974 THE FIRST "MIDDLE-OF-A-PLAY—ON THE FIELD" INTERVIEW

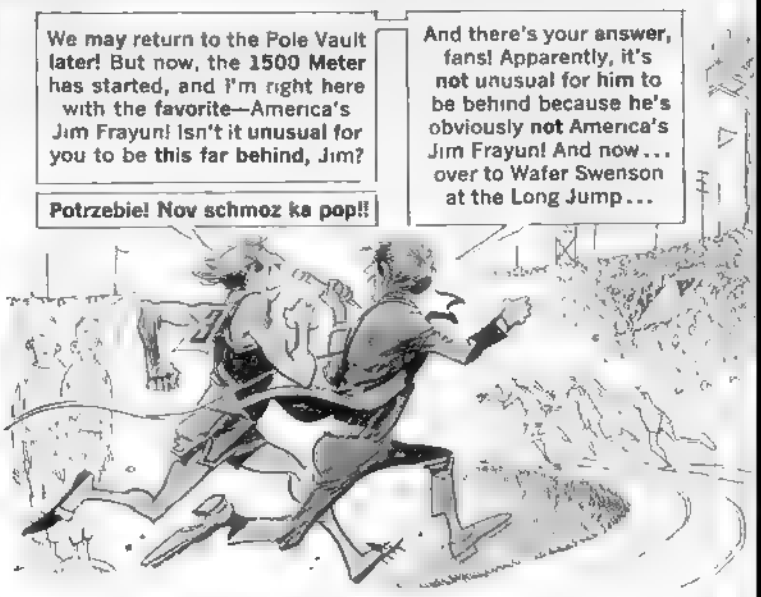


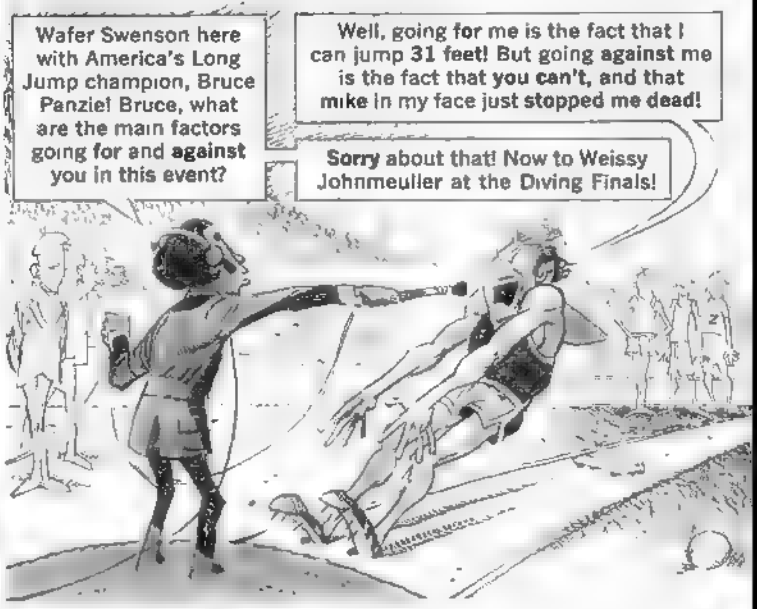


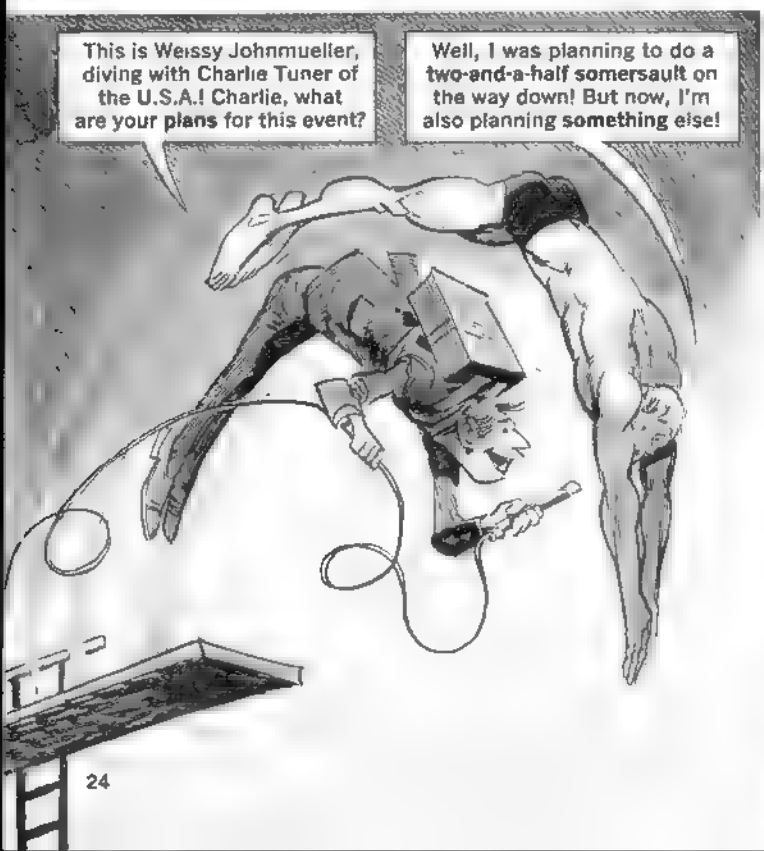


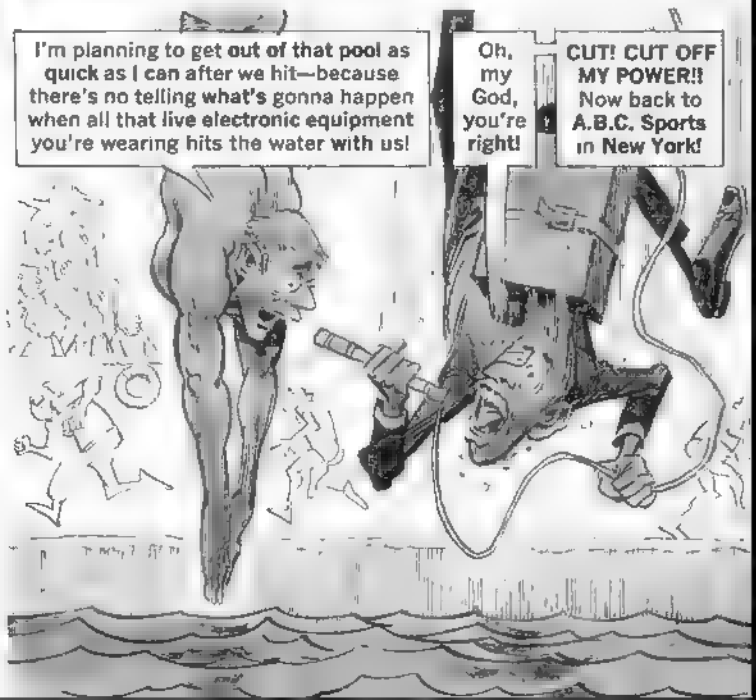


August 17, 1976 THE FIRST "DURING EACH EVENT—OLYMPIC GAMES" INTERVIEW



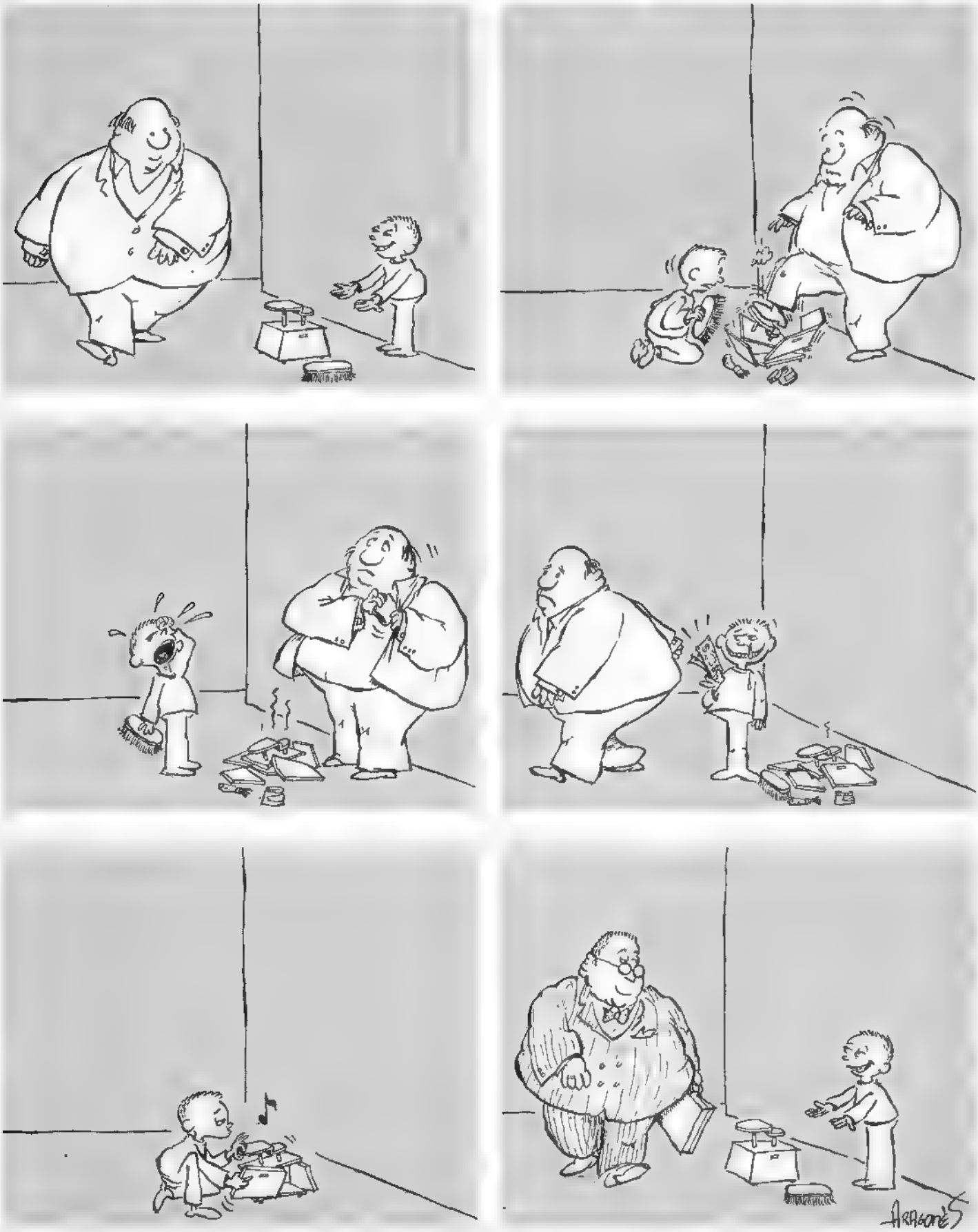






POLISH JOKE DEPT.

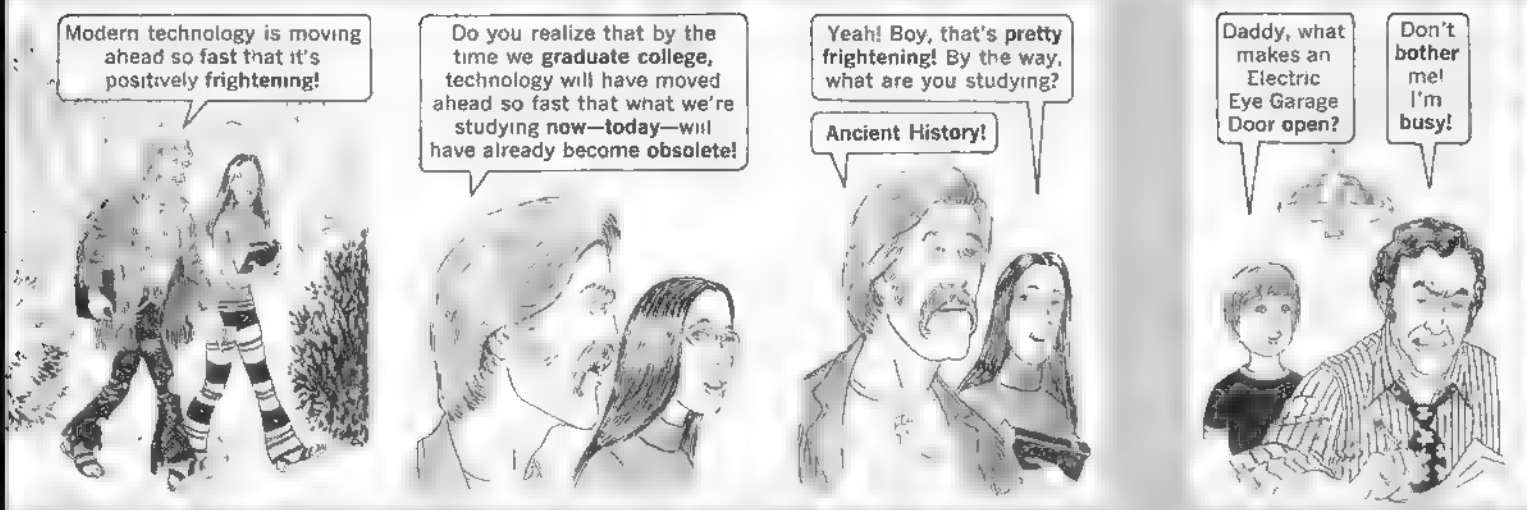
THE SMALL BUSINESSMAN

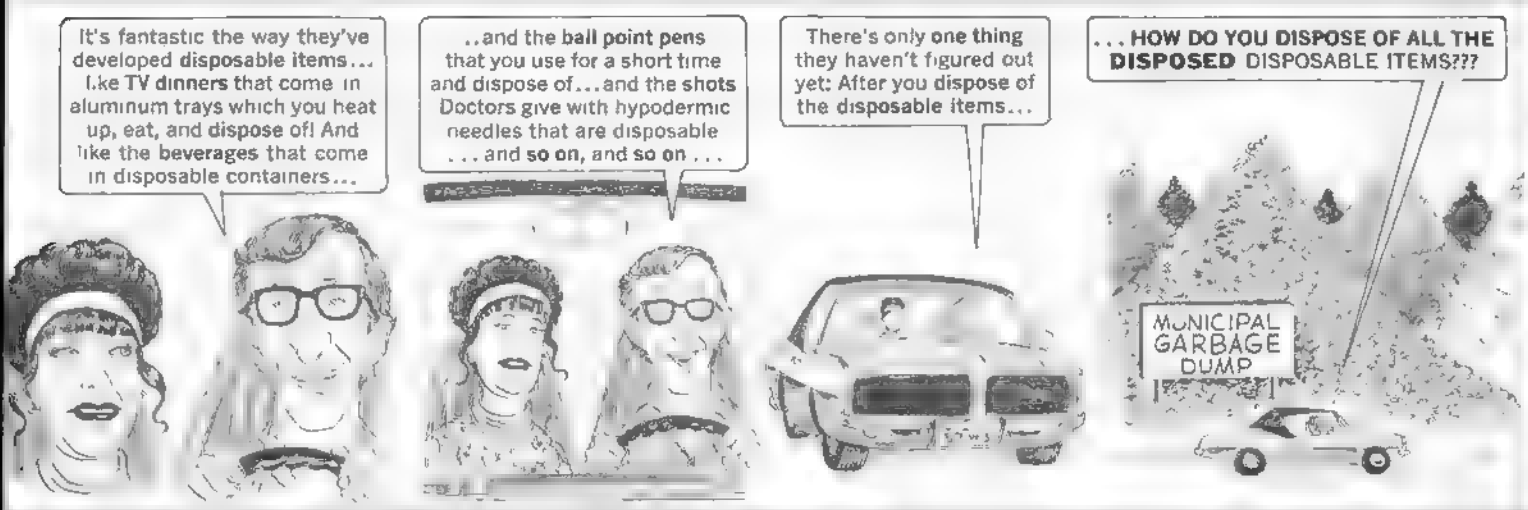


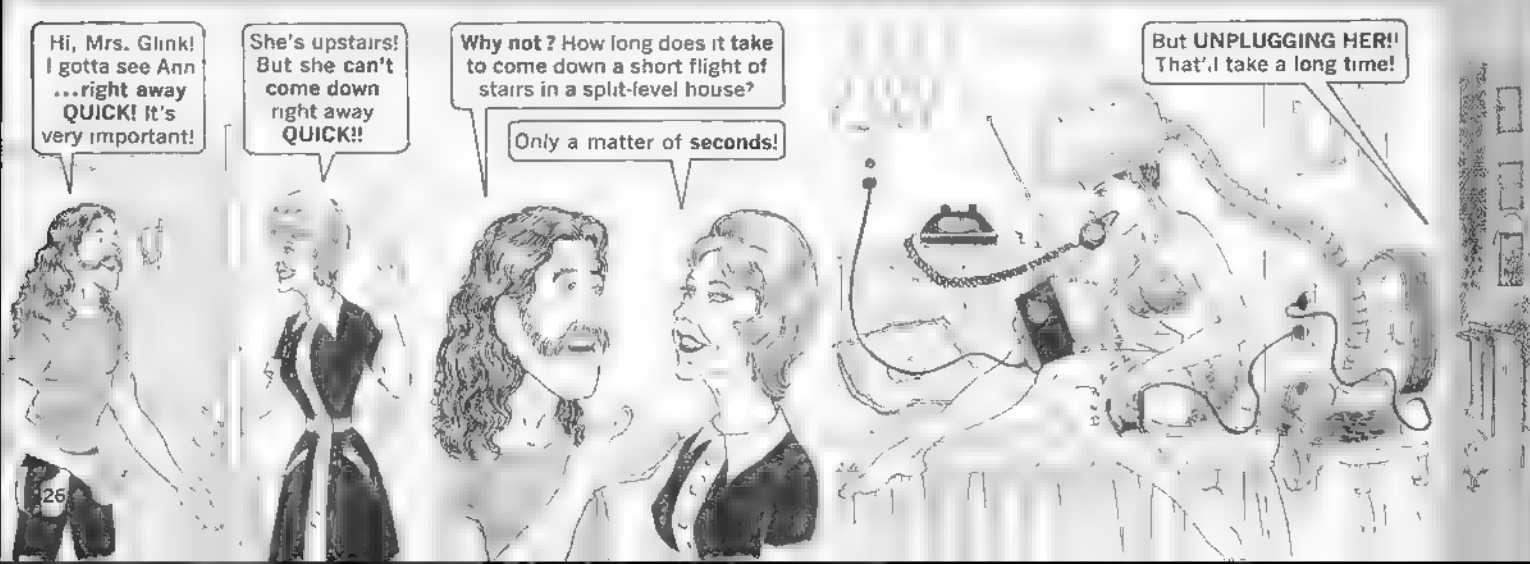
ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... MODERN

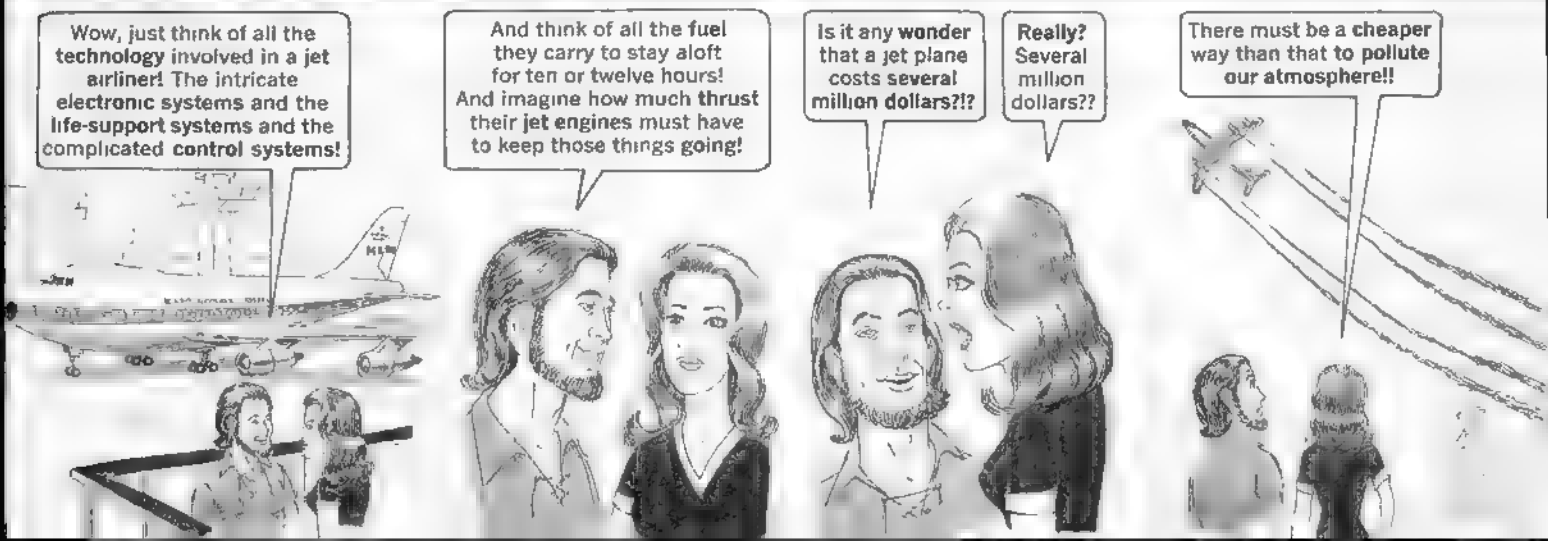






TECHNOLOGY

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG



What's this?? It looks like you're going into competition with all the Electrical Appliance stores in town!

No, I'm just keeping them in business! Isn't it wonderful! All these inventions make my housework so quick and easy!

And what's THIS?!? Whatever it is, it doesn't look safe!

I know! It seems that with all the marvelous, work-saving electrical appliances they've invented...

. . . they still haven't gotten around to inventing an adequate OUTLET to plug them all into!

Did you ever look inside a television set! It's really a fantastic, ingenious mechanism!

There are miles and miles of wires and printed circuits, solid state transistors and tubes, condensers and transformers! Such unbelieveable advanced technology!

Then there are controls for selecting channels and for adjusting volume, contrast, brightness, color tint, tone, vertical and horizontal . . .

It's amazing! All that brilliant engineering—

—just to watch that stupid "Brady Bunch"!

Mommy! Mommy! Mommy!

Darling! Did you have a good time at Grandma's?

Oh, boy, did I!?! Grandma bought me a toothbrush! It's a brand new kind of invention!

Oh, really? What's it like?

You don't have to plug it in or use batteries!

My goodness! Technology is certainly making rapid advances! What powers it?

You just have to use your hand!

Sylvia! My gosh, what happened to you!? You got so thin!

Yes! I went to one of those Automated Weight-Removal Solariums!

I just had to lie there, and automatic machines did all the work! They massaged me, stretched me and rolled me until I automatically lost all that extra fat!

Isn't it just wonderful . . . how automatic machines can even make you thin today!?!

What's so wonderful?!? An automatic machine made me fat in the first place!

What automatic machine was that?

My mouth!

My darling Secretary, Miss McGilla . . . if it's not too much trouble, would you please take a letter . . .

Oh, Mr. Kaputnik! It would be my pleasure!

To H.B. Schmotah and Company, Dear Sir: In reply to your letter of May 5, concerning order number 7214 . .

By the way, Miss McGilla . . . your new hairstyle is very becoming!

How sweet of you to notice, Mr. Kaputnik!

We acknowledge the shortage, and will correct it immediately!

TAP TAP TAP

Very truly yours . . . etc., etc.!

Miss McGilla, it is a joy to dictate a letter to you! You smile up the whole office!

And you, Mr. Kaputnik, are one of the warmest, kindest, most loving . . .

TAP TAP TAP

ELECTRONIC CASSETTE RECORDING MACHINES I've ever worked with!

CLICK

This Long Distance direct dialing system is for the BIRDS! One little mistake, and you can get OSHKOSH!!

I have to call my Aunt in Hoboken, so everybody keep quiet 'cause I gotta do it very carefully! There are ten digits to dial, and I want to get them correct!

Let's see . . . Two—oh—one . . . four—three—three . . . oh—eight—nine—seven . . .

Hello . . . Oshkosh Bird Seed Company . . .

Do you realize that technology is taking over?! We're becoming the slaves, and the machines are becoming the masters! Well, I for one refuse to be enslaved! I'm going to fight back!!

I'M GOING TO WRITE A BLISTERING EDITORIAL . . . WARNING THE WORLD ABOUT OUR DEPENDENCY ON TECHNOLOGY!!

Well? Did you write it?

Uh . . . no! I . . . changed my mind!

Why? What happened?

Well, first the electric typewriter wouldn't type! Then the electric pencil sharpener wouldn't sharpen! And to top it off, the bulb in my writing lamp blew out!

Oh, my gosh! The phone is dead!!

Do you realize what this means?! Complete and total isolation!!

Honey, don't lose your cool! We'll be okay!

BUT WE'RE CUT OFF FROM THE WHOLE WORLD!!

Will you turn that thing down! It's making me deaf!
Did you hear me?!? Turn that thing down! It's making me DEAF!!
What?!? Are you talking to me??
Wait a minute! Let me shut this thing off . . .
YES, I'M TALKING TO YOU! I SAID "TURN THAT THING DOWN! IT'S MAKING ME DEAF!"
Huh?? What did you say??

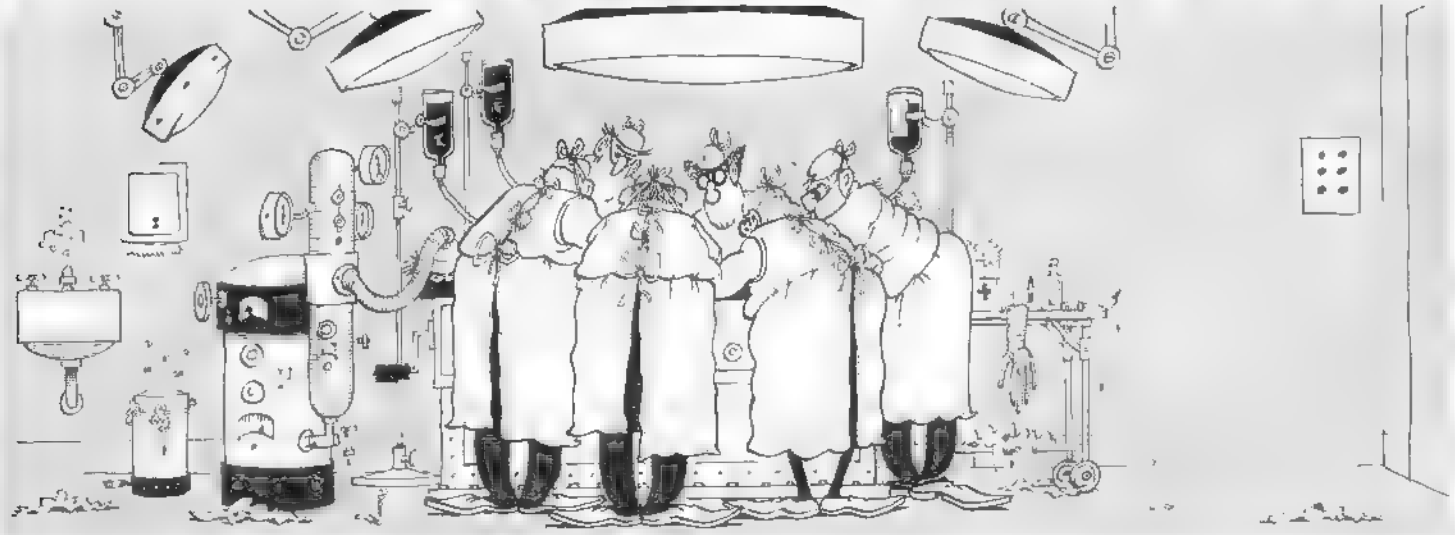
. . . and the best feature of this model is its fantastic, futuristic, advanced technological dashboard! It's like the control panel of a jet!
It sure looks complicated to me!
Listen, just between the two of us, these three knobs turn on the lights, the windshield wipers and the air conditioner! All the rest are just DUMMIES! They don't turn on a thing!!
They do so!
They turn on my EGO! I'll take it!

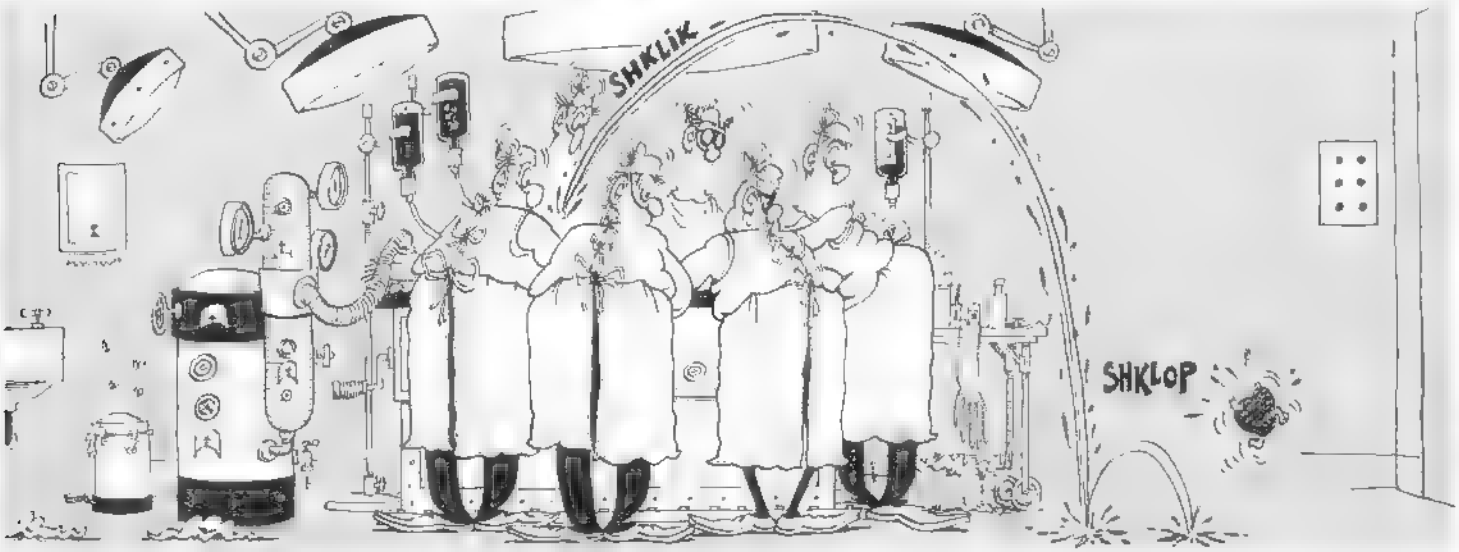
Boredom! Sheer boredom!!
What's sheer boredom?
This ridiculous idiotic, childish television show!!
Well, why don't you turn it off?
Are you kidding?!? What else would I do? I'd be bored stiff!!

When I was a kid, all we did on a hot night was sit on the front porch, hand-fanning ourselves . . . with nothing to do!
Today, with technology, there's so much we can do! We can turn on the air-conditioners, make a cool malted in the blendor, broil up a quick snack in the toaster oven, relax and watch some color television . . .
. . . BLOW A FUSE . . .
. . . and sit on the front porch, hand-fanning ourselves . . . with nothing to do!

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

BACK IN THE OPERATING ROOM WITH DON MARTIN DURING A HEART TRANSPLANT



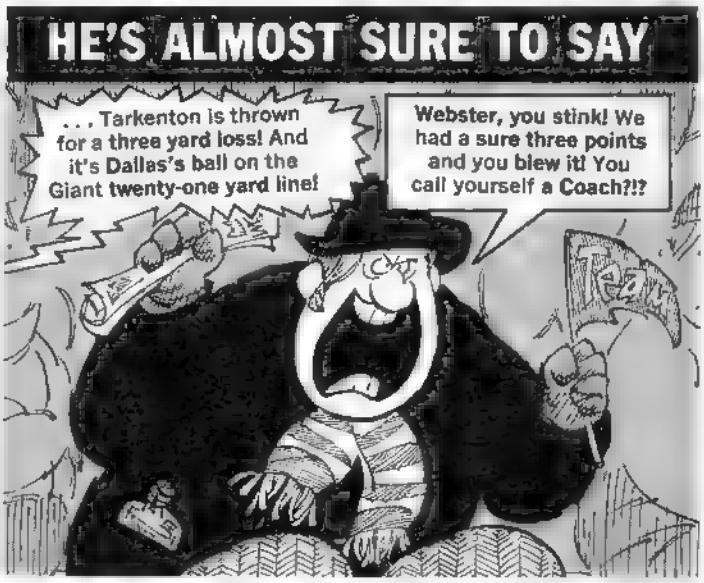


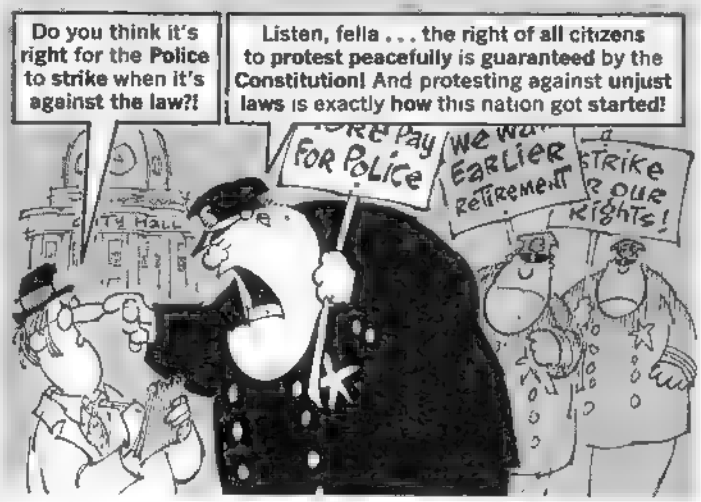
ACTING TWO-PHRASED DEPT.

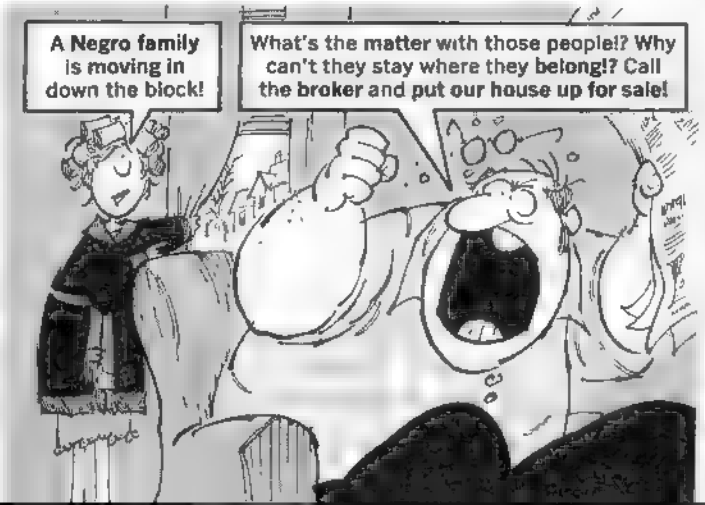
Several issues back, we did an article showing that when people say one thing, they usually mean something else. Since then, we've discovered that there are some people

WHEN SOMEBODY SAYS...

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.







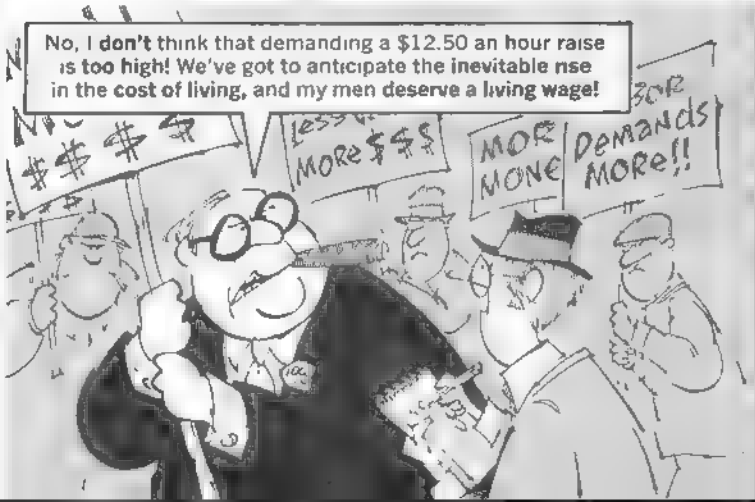
who do say what they mean. The only trouble is, they invariably change their minds later on, and say something entirely different—which they also mean. In other words

HE'S ALMOST SURE TO SAY

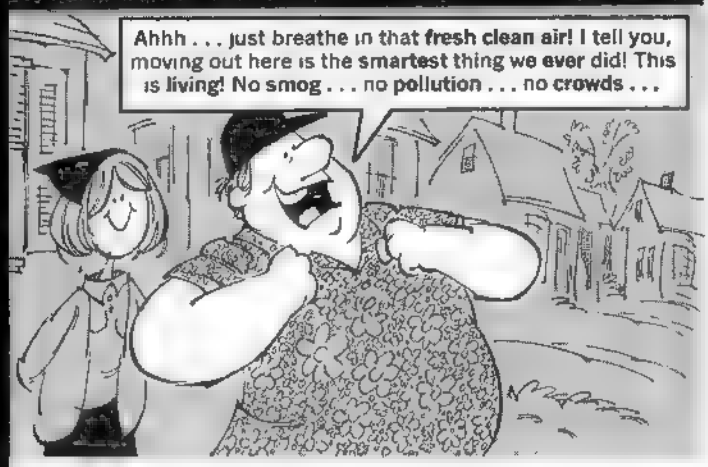
WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

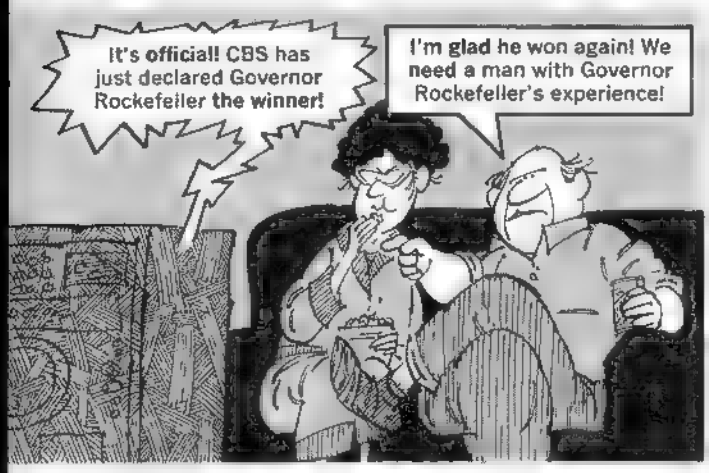
WHEN SOMEBODY SAYS...

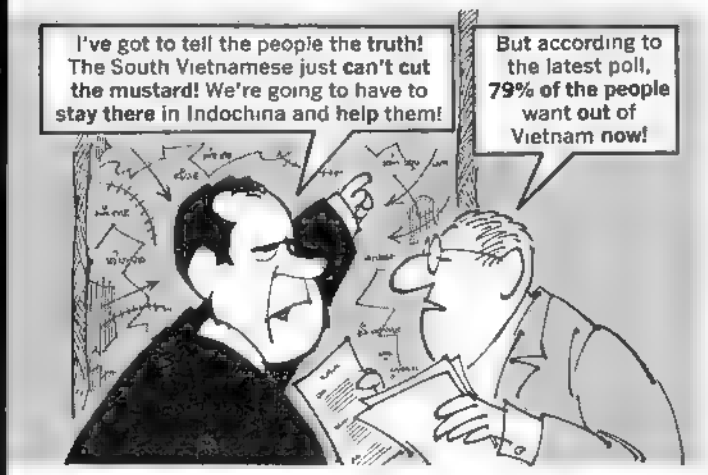
HE'S ALMOST SURE TO SAY

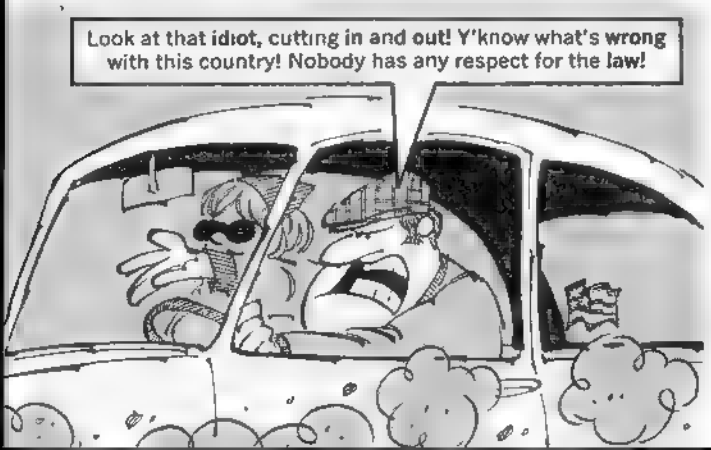


WHEN SOMEBODY SAYS...

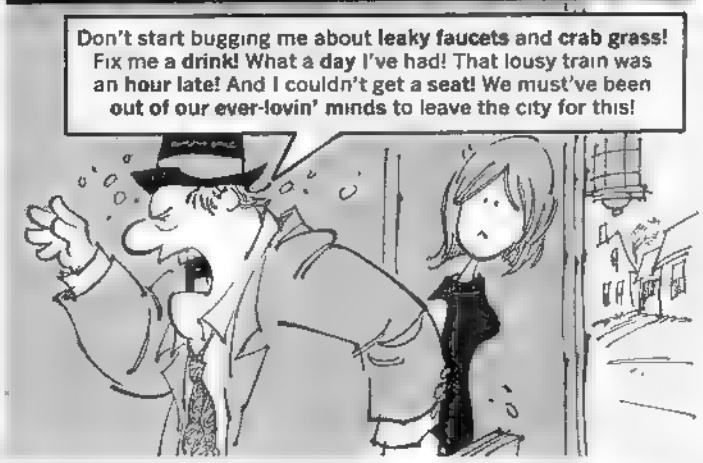


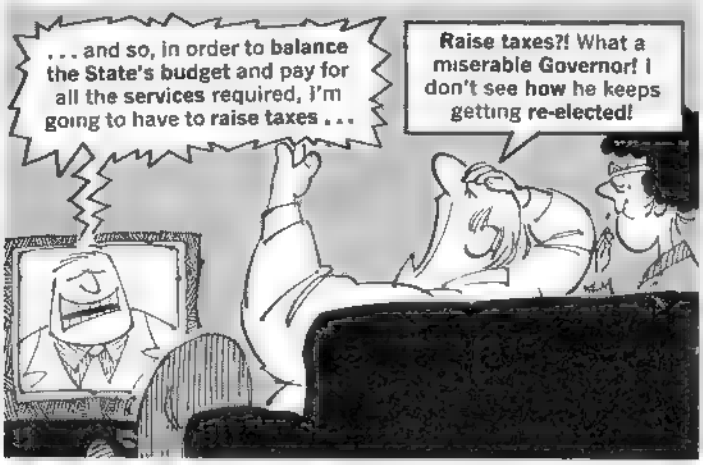


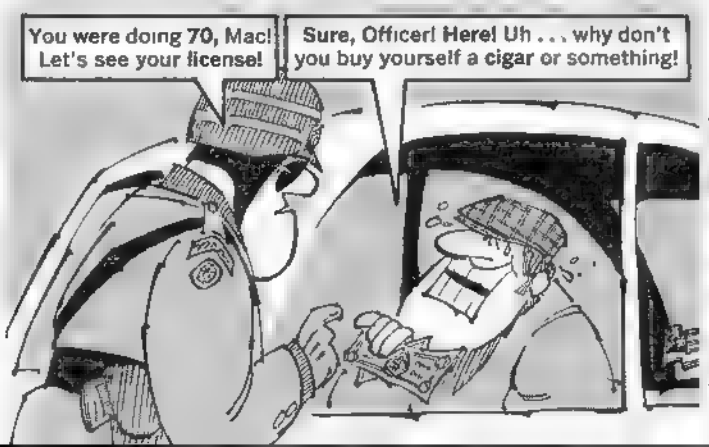




HE'S ALMOST SURE TO SAY



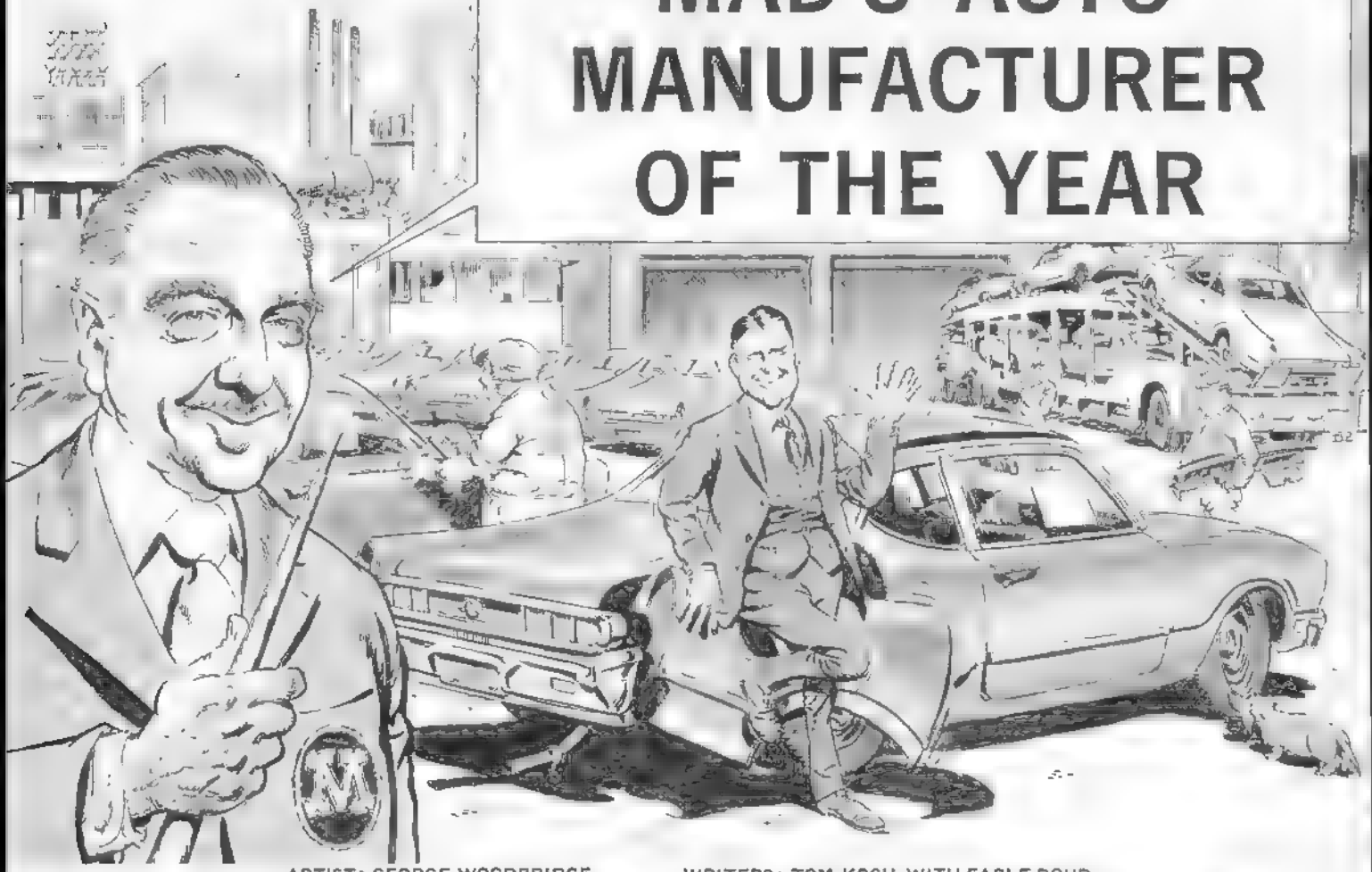




DOOM-BUGGIES DEPT.

Hello, there! I'm Walter Crankcase, speaking to you from Detroit, Michigan, where I'm on Special Assignment for MAD Magazine! We're here for another of those stupid fictitious interviews with people who make America great! And this time, our guest is Mr. Edsel Lemmon, the famous industrial tycoon who was recently named as . . .

MAD'S AUTO MANUFACTURER OF THE YEAR



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITERS: TOM KOCH WITH EARLE DOUD

Say, this is an impressive monument you have outside your factory, Mr. Lemmon!

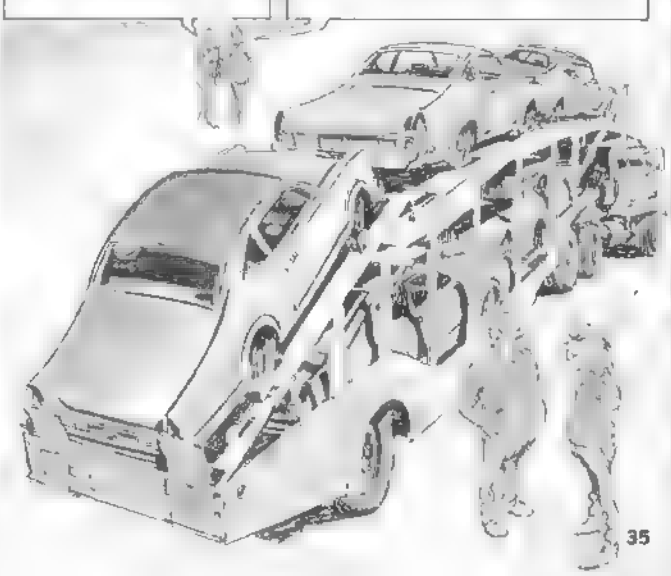
Yes, we're very proud of our "Honor Roll of the Dead"!

Incredible! All those men were killed in the service of their country?

Uh—not exactly! All those men were killed trying to drive our cars off the Assembly Lines!

Hmmm! Well, seeing all those new cars rolling out of the plant, I'd assume that business was very good these days, Mr. Lemmon!

No, business is very rotten these days! Those aren't new cars rolling out of the plant! They're last year's cars rolling back INTO the plant to have their mechanical defects fixed!



Oh, really? What's wrong with them?

Only a minor power problem! When you hit the power brakes at 80 miles an hour, the power steering cuts out, and the power windows roll down!

Sorry about this, but some idiot put the same kind of handles and latches on all of the factory doors that we use on our cars!

Well, I guess every big company has a few incompetent employees!

Yeah, but I thought we'd promoted all of ours to the Board of Directors!

LEMMON MOTORS CORP. PLANT A

Some layout, huh? We've got 38,000 men working on the Assembly Line, 15,000 engineers designing expensive new accessories, and one kid who comes in after school two days a week to work on improving our "Anti-Pollution Device"!

This is the "Bumper Assembly Section"! As you can see, those men are about to attach a front bumper to that car on the Line!

I had no idea a bumper was so heavy that it takes six men to carry one!

That's not because the bumper is so heavy! Actually, it only weighs three pounds! Those six men are carrying it as a safety precaution! Because it's so brittle, if they ever drop it, it will shatter into a million pieces!

This is our "Accessory Development Department" where we design all the innovations like this year's "Spiro Agnew Dashboard Clock," and "Power Seat Covers" and "Electric Ashtrays"!

Now, this one either turns on the windshield wipers automatically when rain is predicted, or else it whistles when you unlock the trunk—I forget! But whichever, it's a $300 optional extra!

But who needs these accessories?

Our dealers! How do you expect 'em to get rich if they can't sell at least $3000 worth of accessories to go with every $2000 car?!

Is that man trying to make some new accessory from transistorized components?

No, he's double-checking the fine print in our New Car Warranty to make sure that everything that could go wrong is always the Customer's fault!

Do you mean that even if a part is defective, the Customer has to pay for a new one?

Oh, the part is a minor expense! It's the labor that adds up! Do you know that on the '72 Lemmon, you have to take the engine out just to replace a headlight bulb?

And you actually design your new cars that way on purpose?!

We're just doing our patriotic duty . . . creating new jobs for Auto Mechanics!

25 POUNDS MODELLING CLAY EASTERN

Hop in! I'll take you over to the Proving Grounds where we're testing the prototypes of our '73 models!

Er . . . I see you drive an Import yourself instead of one of your own luxury cars! How come . . . ?

Boy, that's a dumb question to ask a busy Executive! Do you know how long it takes the Auto Club to send a tow truck way out here?

Maybe we can stop and watch this "Demolition Derby" later, Mr. Lemmon, but first I think our readers would like to see your Proving Grounds!

But this IS our Proving Grounds, Walter . . . and those are our Test Drivers—trying out next year's models!

If it's a Proving Ground, just what are you proving?

We're proving why we always have so many job vacancies for Test Drivers!

For example, every model prototype must successfully cover this very dangerous Obstacle Course! The test driver starts the car at the top of that hill there, and rolls it nearly 500 feet to the bottom!

But . . . I don't see any obstacles!

Are you kidding?! That's ENOUGH of an obstacle! If our prototype can go 500 feet without falling apart or blowing up, we put it into production!

OBSTACLE COURSE END

START

Mr. Lemmon, I just test-crashed our new luxury sedan model at two miles an hour, and the front bumper and radiator grill were both demolished!

Fantastic! I must tell the Parts Department to start making lots of replacement bumpers and grilles!

Also, the mechanic riding with me — killed!

Really? I must tell the Accounting Department to make sure he doesn't get paid for a full day!

Doesn't your company have an Insurance Fund to cover when a man gets killed on the job?

We did . . . ! But then we spent all the money on a more WORTHY CAUSE!

Oh? What was that?

Hiring 750 Private Detectives to dig up something we could use to blackmail Ralph Nader!

Just to be sure your readers get a good impression of our company, I'd like to show you our Safety Research Department!
Well, you've certainly got it in a beautiful building!
Oh, this isn't it! This is our Company Executive Indoor Golf Course! Safety Research is in the building next door!
Apparently, you don't have a very large staff doing Safety Research!
No! It would be bad business if we found too many ways of preventing auto accidents!
How do you figure that?
Use your head, Walt! We also manufacture ambulances, hearses and funeral cars!
SAFETY RESEARCH DEP
UNSAFE
Walt, this is our Department Foreman . . .
He got hurt making a Safety discovery that could prevent thousands of other motorists from being seriously injured!
That it's unsafe to punch a cop in the mouth when he stops you for Drunken Driving!
What happened to him?
Really? What did he discover?
Walter, this is George! He's working on new Safety Belts!
That's right! As you know, the average car has two safety belts in front! Well, we've added five more belts! One runs from the dashboard to the rear window! One runs from the engine to the trunk! One runs from the roof to the floorboard! One runs . . .
Uh—those five extra belts should really make passengers safe!
Who cares about passengers! We're using 'em to hold the car together!
Here's a safety device we perfected that's designed exclusively for the passengers! It's a gigantic plastic balloon! In case of a collision, it inflates immediately on impact, and fills the entire inside of the car!
But won't passengers in the car suffocate?!
Of course! But it's better than being mutilated!
PUFFFT
TEST
Heh-heh! That's a little joke of mine! Actually, it works very well! It's fully tested and ready for production! We plan to introduce it on our 1975 models!
But if it's perfected NOW, why wait until 1975?
Because Congress just gave us until 1975 to perfect it!
Besides, we figure we'll get more trade-in business in '75 if we tell people that all the cars we sold 'em in '72, '73 and '74 were dangerous!

What about the **pollution problem**, Mr. Lemmon? What are you doing about **exhaust fumes** that **foul** our air?

I'm happy to report that **next year**, for the first time, we are doing something about the problem! We're following the lead of **cigarette manufacturers!**

Great! You're going to put a **filter** on the end of the **exhaust pipe** to trap the dangerous **gases?**

No, we're going to put a **sticker** on the side of every car which reads: **BREATHING IN AUTO EXHAUST FUMES MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH!**

Let's talk about **"Planned Obsolescence"!** Isn't it true that you **keep re-designing** your cars just to make the older models seem more **obsolete?**

That's a lie and I can **prove** it!

O.K.! **How?**

Just look at our **wheel suspension system!** We haven't changed that design in **17 years!** Our **1972 Lemmons** still tip over on curves exactly like our **1956 models** did!

Then, basically, you seem to go along with **Henry Ford's** ideas on automobile production?

Who's this **Henry Ford** guy?

He discovered that by keeping the same **good design** year after year, he could afford to sell his cars for **$300 each!**

No wonder I never heard of him! I **don't associate** with **Commie radicals!** C'mon—I'll show you my private office!

You have a **very impressive office**, Mr. Lemmon! And your **secretary is lovely!**

She **IS** a sexy dish, ain't she?! I'm—er—having an **affair** with her!

Really, Mr. Lemmon! I thought you were a **married man!**

C'mon! Be **reasonable,** Walt! I'm stuck with a **"1935 Wife"!** You remember **those** old-timers—**boxy shape, big rumble seat,** hard to get **started** on a **cold night . . .**

I've been looking at these **ads** for your cars, and I hate to say it, but they're **misleading** and **deceptive!**

Whaddya talking, deceptive?

Well, they say your cars are **durable** and **dependable!** You just **showed** me your cars, and they're **not** durable and dependable! And they **certainly** won't go **130 miles an hour!**

I know! But don't get excited! There's **no harm** done!

Look out there! Even if we **bothered** to make good, fast, dependable cars, who'd ever **know** it when there's **no room** for them to **move** anyway!

Hmmm! I **see** What you **mean!**

This is **Walter Crankcase** saying "Good-bye" . . . and returning you to MAD Magazine!

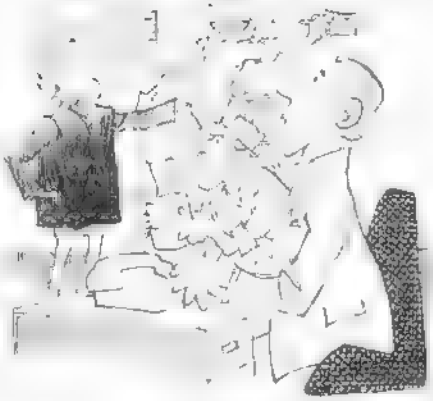
OH-OH! DEPT.

You Know Your DAYS ARE

You Know Your DAYS ARE NUMBERED When . . .

. . . you learn that the plane you're on is being hijacked to Jordan . . . and your name is Shapiro.

You Know Your DAYS ARE NUMBERED When . . .

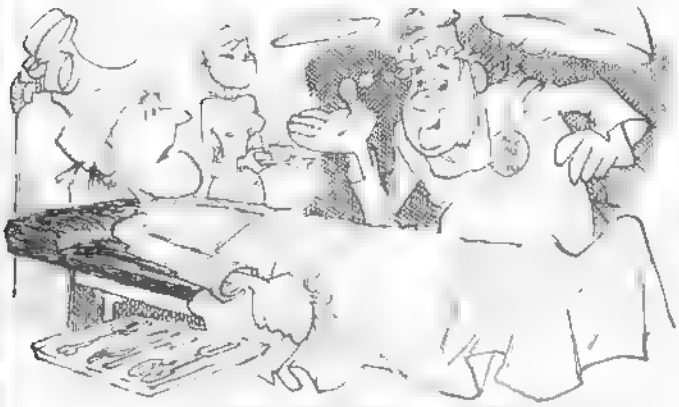


. . . your Boss's son starts having your office redecorated in his favorite color scheme.

You Know Your DAYS ARE NUMBERED When . . .

. . . your score on the TV "National Smokers' Test" indicates that you should have died five years ago.

You Know Your DAYS ARE NUMBERED When . . .

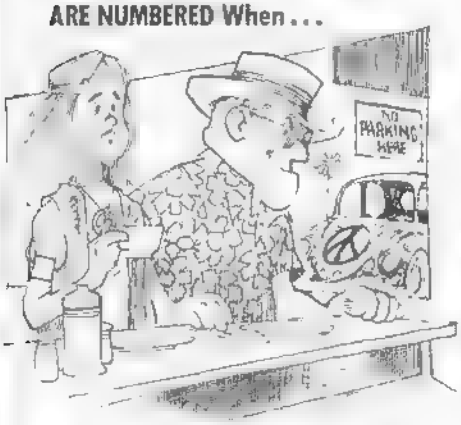


. . . you realize the surgeon who is about to operate on you just came from the hospital Christmas party

You Know Your DAYS ARE NUMBERED When . . .

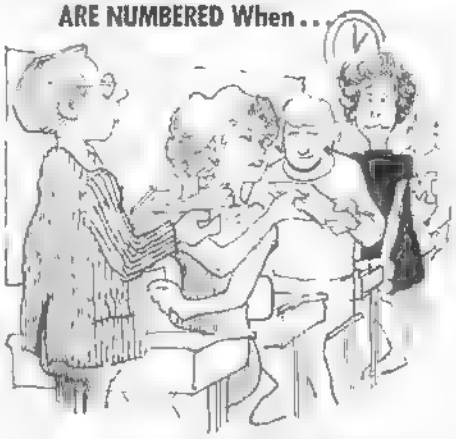
. . . you think you've won the Miami-to-Nassau yacht race until you find that nobody's there to welcome you but Cuban soldiers.

You Know Your DAYS ARE NUMBERED When . . .



. . . you find out that the stranger you've been enlightening about Police Brutality is the local Sheriff.

You Know Your DAYS ARE NUMBERED When . . .



. . . you realize that you're the only one who thought the Mid-Term Exam was scheduled for *NEXT* Thursday.

You Know Your DAYS ARE NUMBERED When . . .

. . . you read that your wife's first husband has just been paroled after serving ten years for killing your wife's second husband.

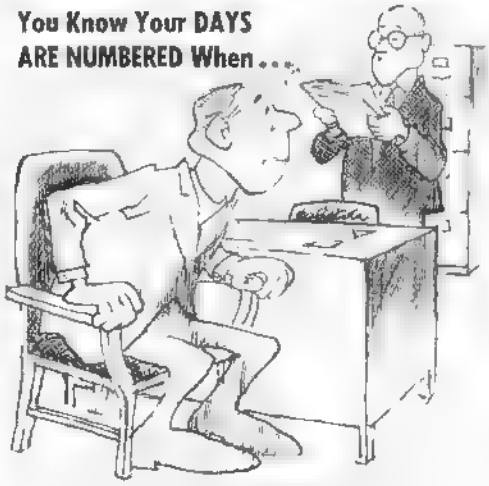
NUMBERED When...

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE
WRITER: TOM KOCH

You Know Your DAYS ARE NUMBERED When . . .

. . . your wife tells you she's joined a Ladies' Garden Club which meets at 9 o'clock every Saturday night.

You Know Your DAYS ARE NUMBERED When . . .

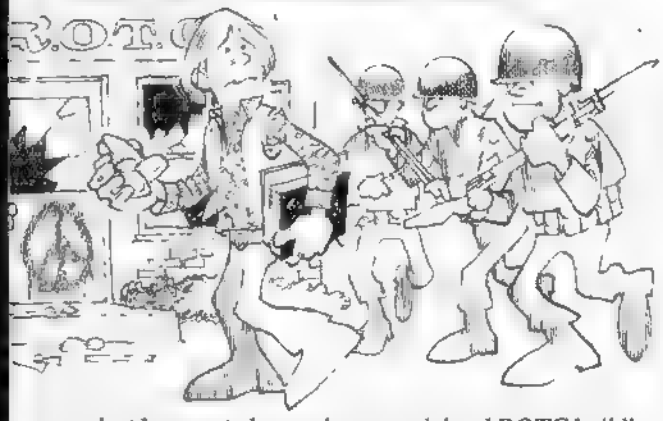


. . . the I.R.S. finds a mistake in your 1970 Income Tax Return, and decides to investigate your whole file back to 1953.

You Know Your DAYS ARE NUMBERED When . . .

. . . you hear the nut who's been phoning you and breathing heavily . . . standing outside your door, breathing heavily.

You Know Your DAYS ARE NUMBERED When . . .



. . . you just happen to be passing a vandalized ROTC building with your geology specimens when the National Guard arrives.

You Know Your DAYS ARE NUMBERED When . . .

. . . your car breaks down on a lonely road, and nobody stops to investigate except a gang of Hell's Angels.

You Know Your DAYS ARE NUMBERED When . . .

. . . your boat springs a leak, and all you can pick up on your emergency radio is a hurricane warning.

You Know Your DAYS ARE NUMBERED When . . .

. . . the pilot comes back to say, "A minor mechanical problem has just developed . . ." and you notice he's wearing a parachute.

You Know Your DAYS ARE NUMBERED When . . .

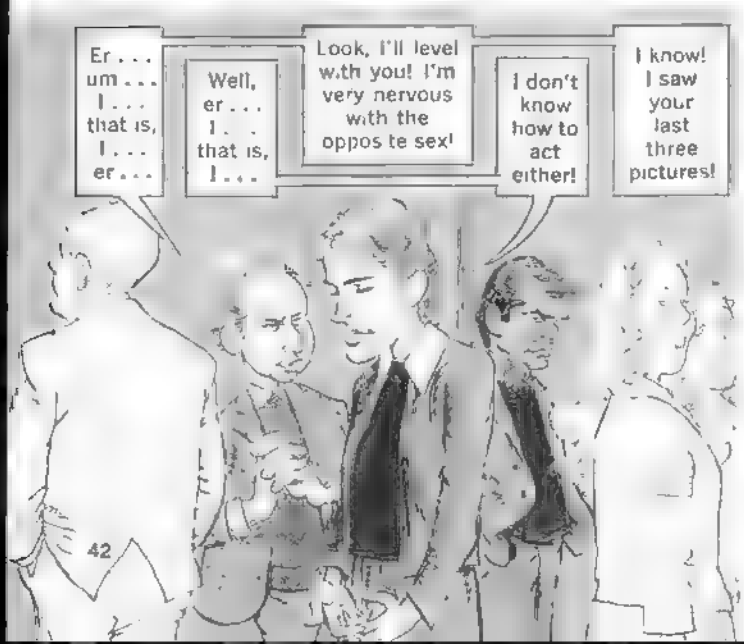
. . . your doctor starts sending cemetery plot salesmen around to visit you in the hospital.

"R" MOVIES BETTER THAN EVER? DEPT.

Remember when they used to make movies about nice things and nice people? Come to think of it, neither can we! Nowadays, there are no more nice things to make movies about! What happens today is, a screen writer and a director get together for a two-man group therapy session, air their sicknesses and hang-ups, and then, instead of dropping it right there, they sell it all to us on film! At three bucks a throw! Like, for example, take our version of this current sickie . . .

Carnival

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER



Knowledge

Foodly-aki-saki, want some sea food, Mama!

You'll drink punch and like it!

Hubba-hubba!

Get lost, wolf!

Hey, Sappy, why don't you make a play for that wallflower over there?

Are you kidding, Yawnathan?!

It's not that! Who in the movie audience is going to believe that Candy Iceberger is a wallflower?

What's the matter, you chicken?

The same people who are going to believe that I'm an 18-year-old college student!

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

I think we could have a beautiful, sensitive relationship! I feel a rapport between us which transcends all forms of communication and soars to incredible heights of intimacy!

God, that's lovely! Now, tell me! Where does this beautiful, sensitive relationship go from here?

Outside in the bushes!

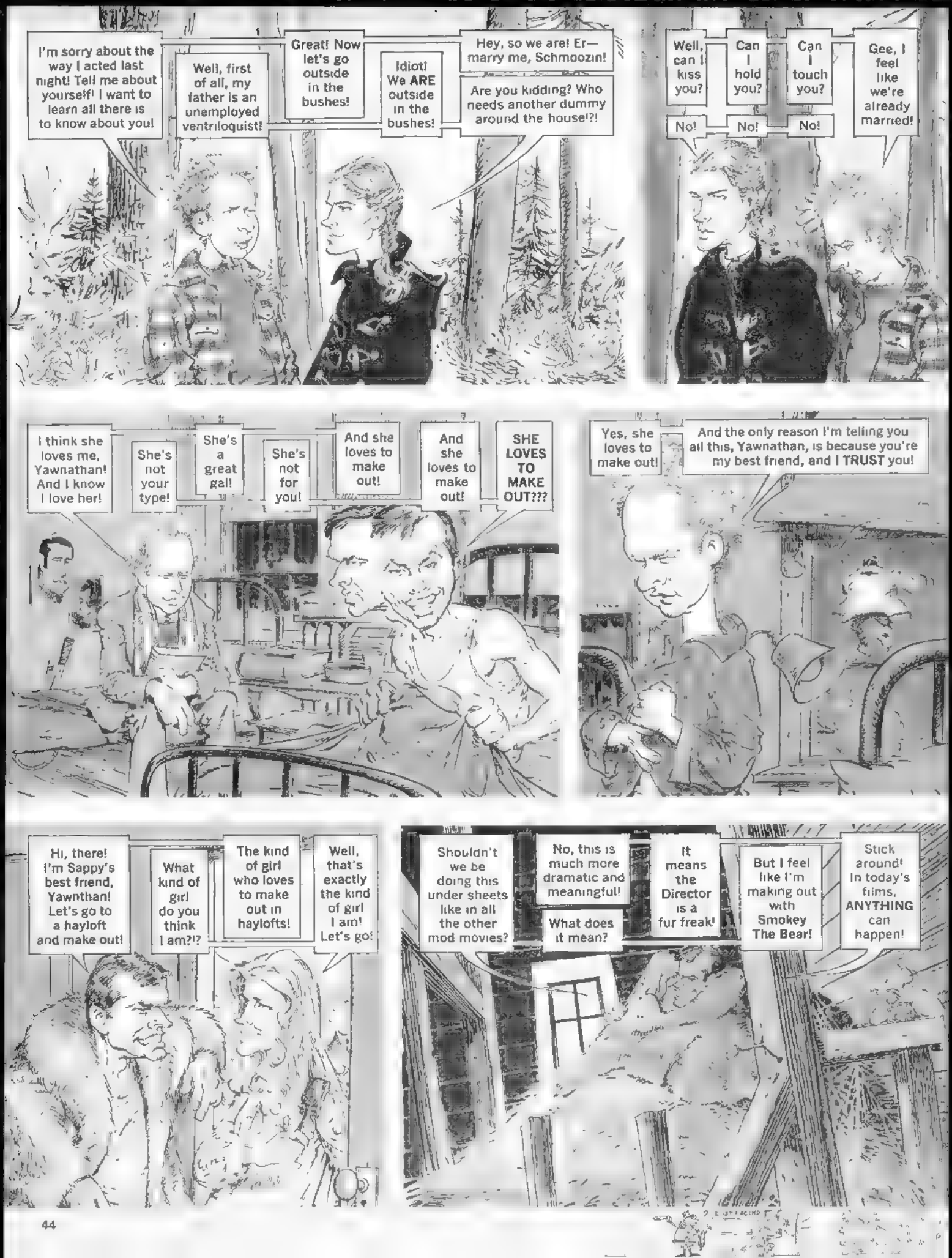
Gee, I guess I fouled that up!

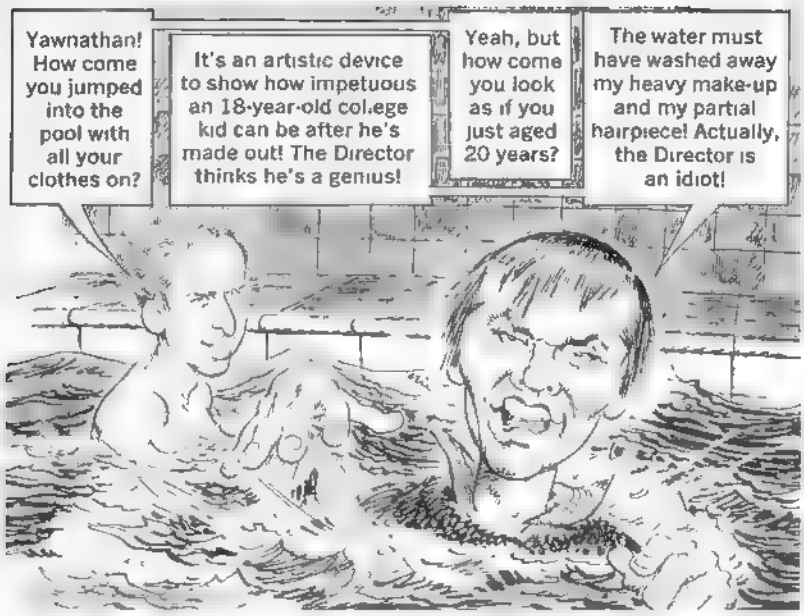
Boy, are you stupid! You don't just meet a classy girl like that and take her outside in the bushes!

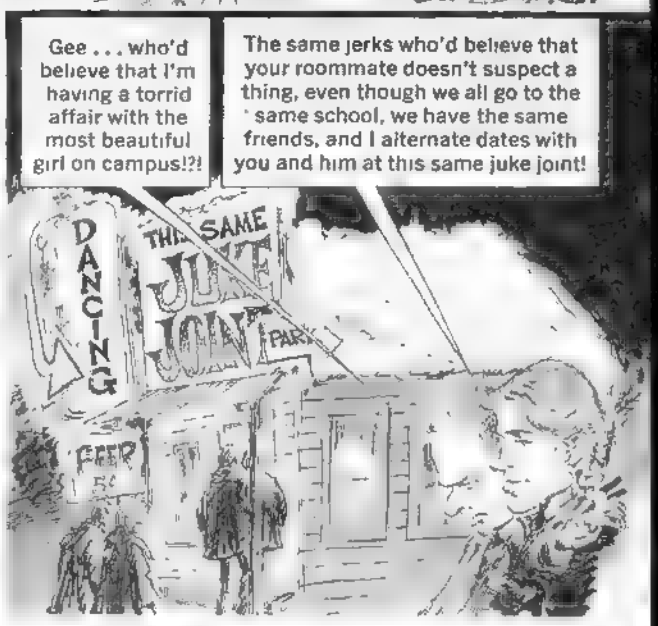
You have to treat her with respect! Get to know her! Find out her background! Establish a relationship based on mutual love and understanding! And then—

And then what?

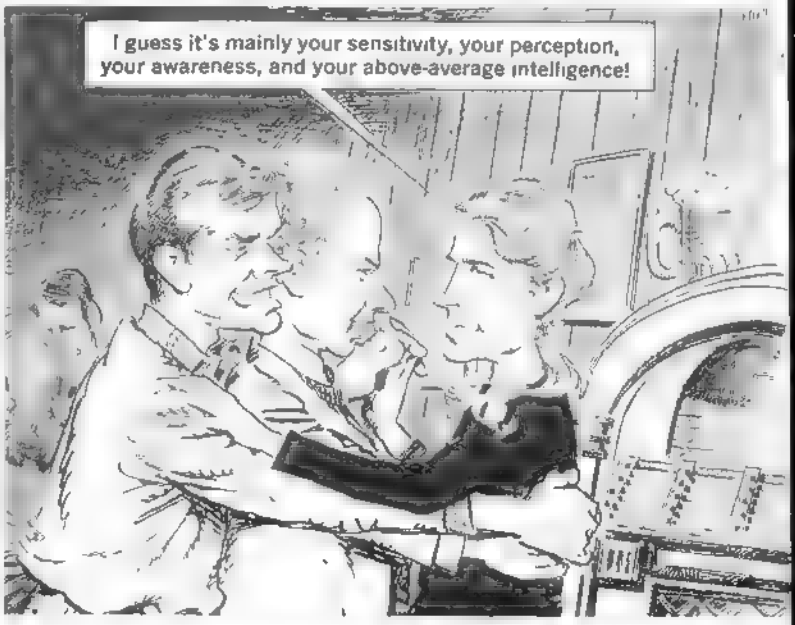
And **THEN** take her outside in the bushes!


I'm sorry about the way I acted last night! Tell me about yourself! I want to learn all there is to know about you!
Well, first of all, my father is an unemployed ventriloquist!
Great! Now let's go outside in the bushes!
Idiot! We ARE outside in the bushes!
Hey, so we are! Er— marry me, Schmoozin!
Are you kidding? Who needs another dummy around the house!?!
Well, can I kiss you?
No!
Can I hold you?
No!
Can I touch you?
No!
Gee, I feel like we're already married!
I think she loves me, Yawnathan! And I know I love her!
She's not your type!
She's a great gal!
She's not for you!
And she loves to make out!
And she loves to make out!
SHE LOVES TO MAKE OUT???
Yes, she loves to make out!
And the only reason I'm telling you all this, Yawnathan, is because you're my best friend, and I TRUST you!
Hi, there! I'm Sappy's best friend, Yawnthan! Let's go to a hayloft and make out!
What kind of girl do you think I am?!?
The kind of girl who loves to make out in haylofts!
Well, that's exactly the kind of girl I am! Let's go!
Shouldn't we be doing this under sheets like in all the other mod movies?
No, this is much more dramatic and meaningful!
What does it mean?
It means the Director is a fur freak!
But I feel like I'm making out with Smokey The Bear!
Stick around! In today's films, ANYTHING can happen!


Yawnathan! How come you jumped into the pool with all your clothes on?
It's an artistic device to show how impetuous an 18-year-old college kid can be after he's made out! The Director thinks he's a genius!
Yeah, but how come you look as if you just aged 20 years?
The water must have washed away my heavy make-up and my partial hairpiece! Actually, the Director is an idiot!

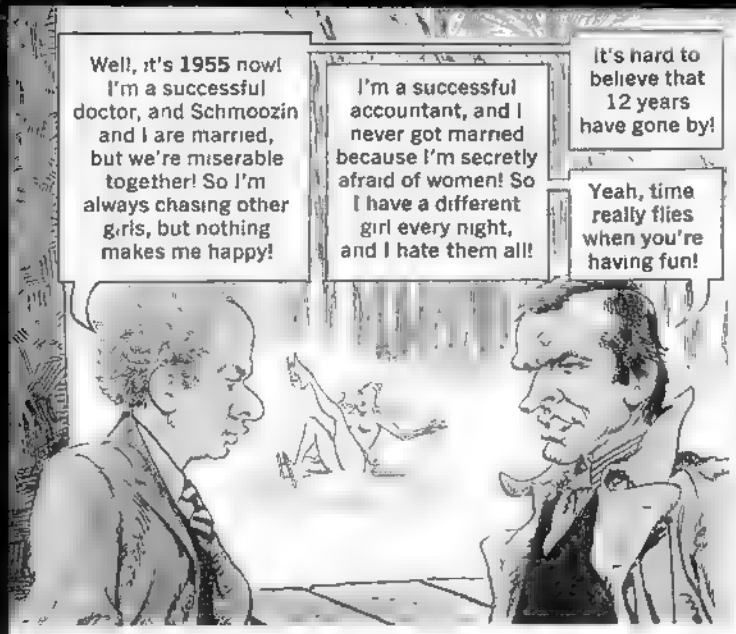

Gee . . . who'd believe that I'm having a torrid affair with the most beautiful girl on campus!?!
The same jerks who'd believe that your roommate doesn't suspect a thing, even though we all go to the same school, we have the same friends, and I alternate dates with you and him at this same juke joint!
DANCING
SAME
JOINT
PARK
BEER

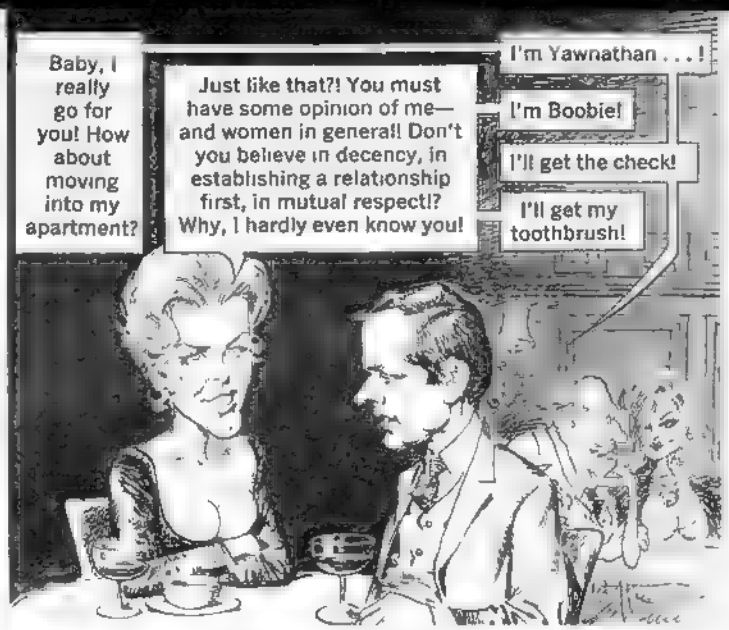
I'm so lucky to be your one and only guy, Schmoozin! After all, I'm not too good looking, and I'm not the world's greatest lover! What do you see in me, anyway?

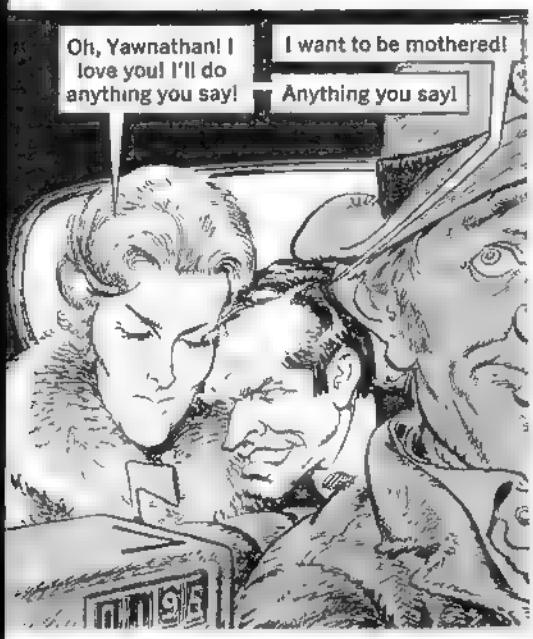

I guess it's mainly your sensitivity, your perception, your awareness, and your above-average intelligence!

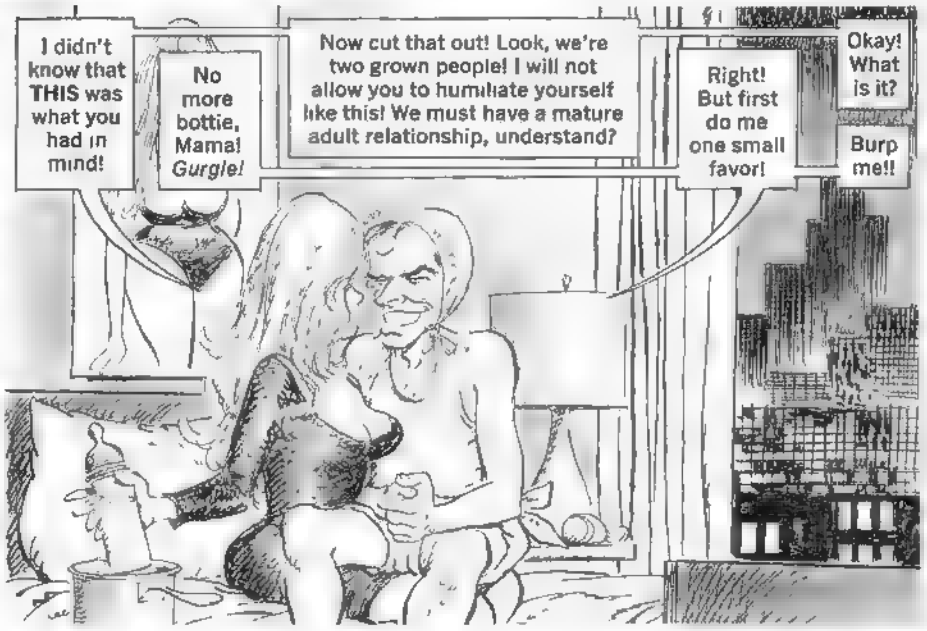
Don't you think we ought to tell Sappy about us!?
We should but I can't hurt his feelings!
Well, we're gonna have to tell him sooner or later!
Yes, but HOW??

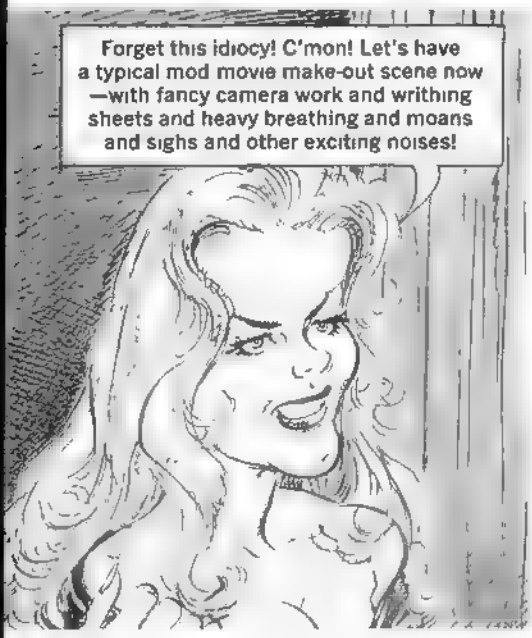
I only wish I knew . . . !

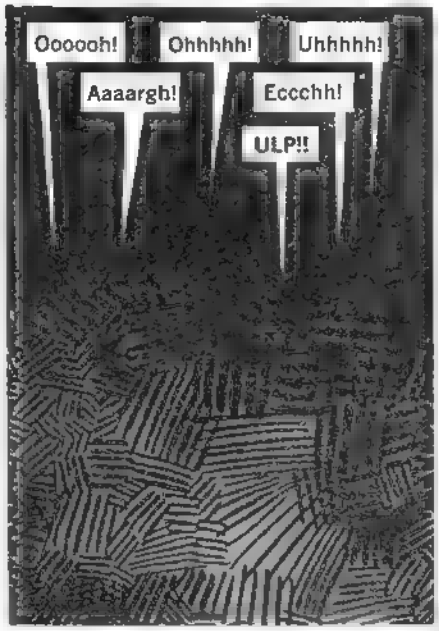

Well, it's 1955 now! I'm a successful doctor, and Schmoozin and I are married, but we're miserable together! So I'm always chasing other girls, but nothing makes me happy!
I'm a successful accountant, and I never got married because I'm secretly afraid of women! So I have a different girl every night, and I hate them all!
It's hard to believe that 12 years have gone by!
Yeah, time really flies when you're having fun!

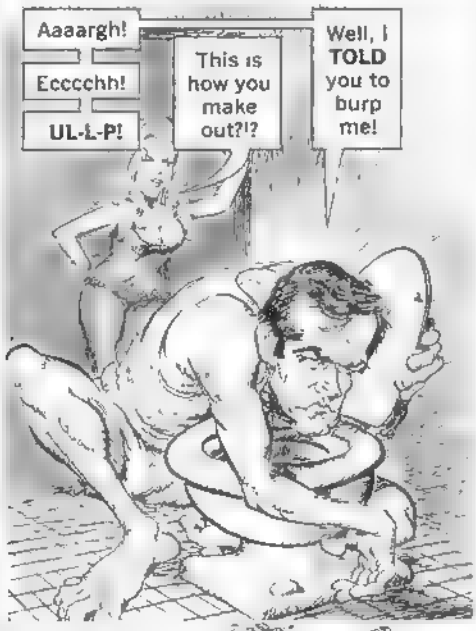

Baby, I really go for you! How about moving into my apartment?
Just like that?! You must have some opinion of me—and women in general! Don't you believe in decency, in establishing a relationship first, in mutual respect!? Why, I hardly even know you!
I'm Yawnathan . . . !
I'm Boobie!
I'll get the check!
I'll get my toothbrush!


Oh, Yawnathan! I love you! I'll do anything you say!
I want to be mothered!
Anything you say!


I didn't know that THIS was what you had in mind!
No more bottie, Mama! Gurgle!
Now cut that out! Look, we're two grown people! I will not allow you to humiliate yourself like this! We must have a mature adult relationship, understand?
Right! But first do me one small favor!
Okay! What is it?
Burp me!!


Forget this idiocy! C'mon! Let's have a typical mod movie make-out scene now—with fancy camera work and writhing sheets and heavy breathing and moans and sighs and other exciting noises!


Oooooh!
Ohhhhh!
Uhhhhh!
Aaaargh!
Eccchh!
ULP!!


Aaaargh!
Eccccchh!
UL-L-P!
This is how you make out?!?
Well, I TOLD you to burp me!

Yawnathan, we've been living together for over a year, now! Isn't it time we got married?!?
Married?! Boy, you women are all alike! You think marriage is the answer to everything! You think marriage will solve all your problems! Well, it's plain sick! Can't you, just once, take a mature sensible approach to our relationship?
I'm sorry! What's your suggestion?
I was thinking of bringing in another girl—and maybe a St. Bernard!
But, that's no answer to our problems! Marry me! Please?
Marry me, Yawnathan! I promise I'll change! I'll become a plain, everyday, average housewife!
Me—marry you? Look at you! You sleep 15 hours a day! You're sloppy! You nag me all the time! And you won't let me come near you in bed!
BECOME!? You ARE a plain, everyday, average housewife!
I'm going out, now, Boobie! But before I go, there's one thing I want to say! The United Nations is the only bulwark standing between us and a world holacaust!
True! And it must not be allowed to disintegrate like the League of Nations! For as Bertrand Russell once said . . .
Wait a minute! What are we talking about??
How should I know? This picture has been on for an hour-and-a-half now, and every word in it has been about SEX! I figured we could use some intellectual stimulation for a change!
That was a wonderful idea! But where are you going?
I'm going to get the other girl, and maybe the St. Bernard! After all . . . how much intellectual stimulation can a modern movie audience take??
Well, 15 more years have passed, and it's now 1970! I've been through nearly 450 women . . . and I'm still a bachelor!
I've been through over 600 . . . and I'm still MARRIED!
How would you like to see pictures of all the women I've made out with?
Hey, that's fantastic! X-Rated home movies!
This is Debbie, the first girl I ever went out with! She was a Mallomar freak!
This is Dianne, my second score! I hear she's living in Omaha with a kangaroo!

These are the Radio City Music Hall Rockettes! I once spent a Shrove Tuesday with them I'll never forget! I was almost kicked to death!

Well, so much for my pre-adolescent years! Now, when I was thirteen, I met Natalie . . .

WOOOPS!! Wrong picture!

HOLD IT!!

I saw that, Yawnathan! I may have been stupid in the movies, and missed it . . . but I'm not being stupid now! You said you'd show us slides of all the girls you've made out with, and you just showed a picture of Schmoozin!!

Now you're angry at me, because you think I'm a double-crossing friend, right . . . ?

On the contrary! Now I respect you, because I think you're a kind and thoughtful friend . . . relieving the loneliness of my poor wife who I've neglected for the past 20 years!

But, I'm not making out with her **NOW!** I made out with her back in **COLLEGE!!**

WHAT?!? Well, that's different!

Take **THAT**—you dirty double-crossing friend!!

That's why I've decided I need Professional help! Only someone like you can relieve me! I've got no wife, no girl friends . . . nobody! And I'm willing to pay for your services!

Boy, have you got the wrong apartment, Mr.! I'm not that kind of Professional!

You mean . . . you're not a Psychiatrist?!?

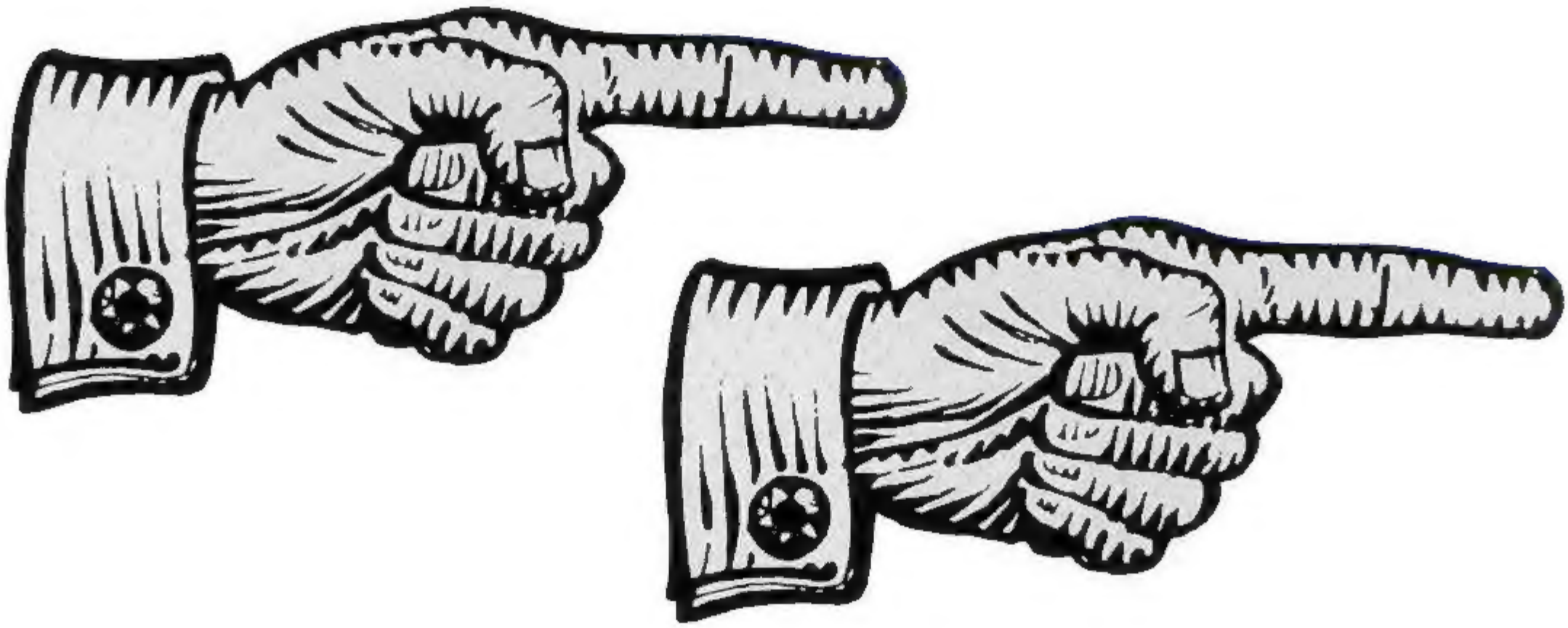
No, I'm a Professional **DOG BREEDER!!**

The Psychiatrist is on the next floor!

Well, so it won't be a total waste of time, can you sell me a St. Bernard?

Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT BELOVED AMERICAN ANIMAL WILL NEVER BECOME EXTINCT BECAUSE OF OVERWHELMING PUBLIC SUPPORT?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Every day, another species is placed upon the endangered list, and few people seem to care. However, due to overwhelming public support, one American animal is sure to survive forever in the vast special preserves created especially for him. To find out which lucky beast this is, fold in the page as shown...

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

CAREFUL ATTENTION TO EVEN THE MOST MICROSCOPIC OF DETAILS IS AN ESSENTIAL KEY TO CREATING A VAST ANIMAL PRESERVE. MOBS OF PEOPLE ARE SUPPORTING THIS CAUSE

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

A▸ ◂B

WHAT BELOVED AMERICAN ANIMAL WILL NEVER BECOME EXTINCT BECAUSE OF OVERWHELMING PUBLIC SUPPORT?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

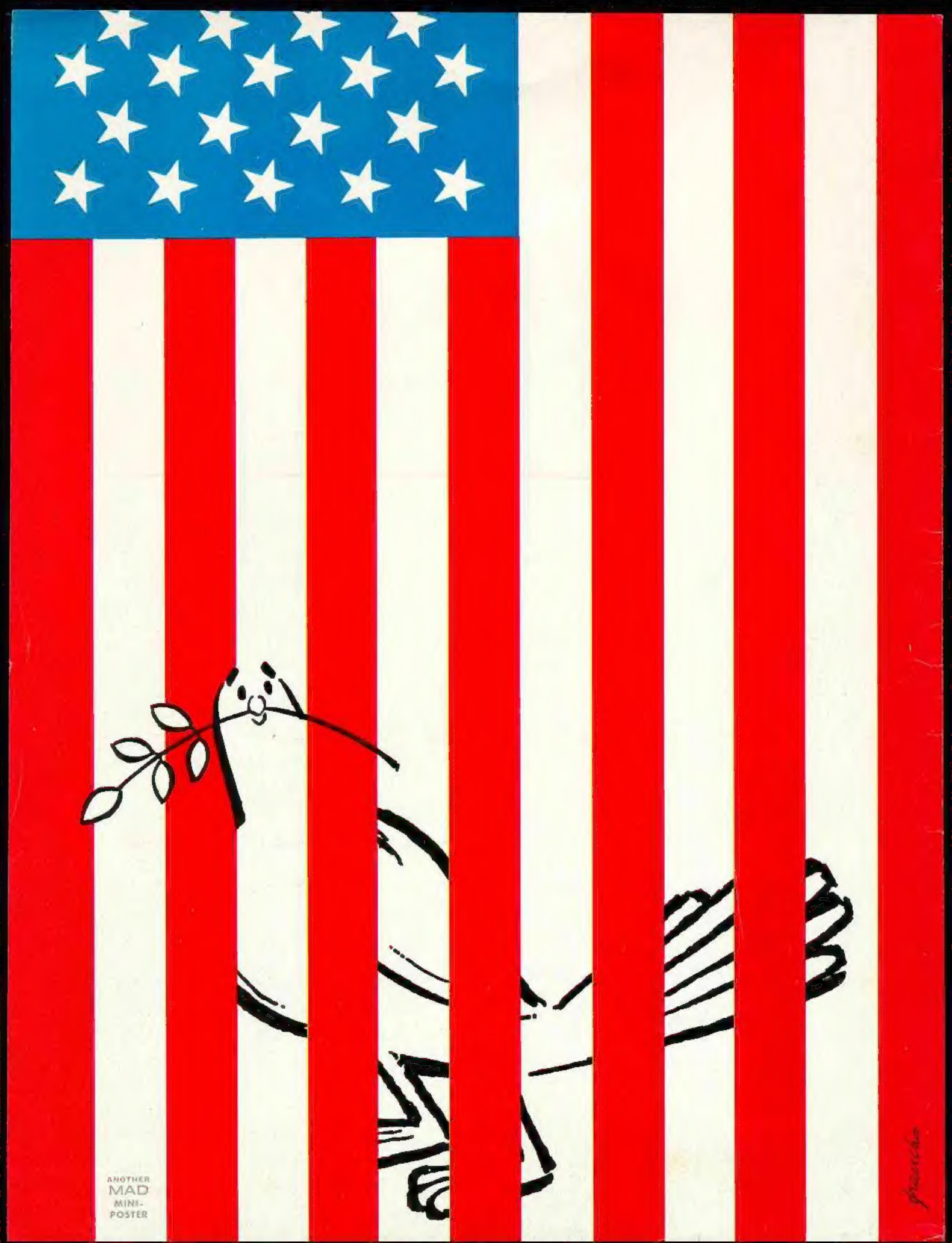
A) (B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

MICKEY

MOUSE

A)(B


ANOTHER
MAD
MINI-
POSTER